

Election Speeches Monday -- Voting Wednesday

Askin and Hill Contesting Students' Union Presidency

Six Officials Elected by Acclamation—No Nominations in for Men's Athletics President—Eric Stuart Chief Justice—Six Running for Committee on Student Government

PRESIDENT

T. H. Askin
R. Hill
(Write-ups on Page 1)

VICE-PRESIDENT

Kathleen Esch
Anna Wilson
(Write-ups on Page 1)

SECRETARY

M. Dumouchel
M. E. Manning
(Write-ups on Page 1)

TREASURER

H. H. Hutton
(Acclamation)

PRESIDENT LIT.

S. T. Fisher
Elsie Young
(Write-ups on Page 6)

SECRETARY LIT.

E. M. Jones
F. E. L. Priestley
(Write-ups on Page 6)

PRESIDENT WAUNEITAS

Mary Lehmann
(Acclamation)

SECRETARY WAUNEITAS

Marion Massie
(Acclamation)

PRESIDENT MEN'S ATHLETICS

No nominations received

SECRETARY MEN'S ATHLETICS

E. Lewis
(Acclamation)

PRES. WOMEN'S ATHLETICS

Vera Palmer
(Acclamation)

SEC. WOMEN'S ATHLETICS

Kathleen Craig
Helen Higgs
(Write-ups on Page 6)

CHIEF JUSTICE

C. E. Stuart
(Acclamation)

COMMITTEE ON STUDENT GOVERNMENT

(Five to be elected)

S. T. Fisher
R. C. Hamilton
S. G. MacDonald
D. F. McDonald
D. J. W. Oke

FOR SECRETARY

MURRAY DUMOUCHEL, Med '31

"Dumie" is just that type. What we really want on the Council and at the head of the Union is stability. "Dumie" is a wonderful stabilizer. He is no longer a flippant youth with hither, thither and yon tastes and unformed opinions, but a man of considerable experience in the world, somewhat above the ordinary age, with the judgment and steadiness only attainable through years and experience.

He came here from Saskatchewan University to take up the study of Medicine, and is well known in Med circles. His personality is extremely engaging (ask any one who knows him)—why, he is even popular in the Law faculty.

His secretarial experience he received in Saskatchewan, working with the secretary of a rural municipality. This experience, of course, is ample for the position in the Union.

Personality is the thing that counts, and without dwelling on academic achievements and such ephemeral garnishings, we would like everyone to ask about "Dumie"—ask any Med, and they will tell you, anyone who knows "Dumie" will tell you, that there is a man with the personality, maturity, and interest in affairs to fill the position of the Secretary in no mediocre fashion.

TED MANNING, Arts '29

The position of Secretary of the Students' Union requires a man with business experience and sound judgment. The former quality is required in administration work of the office and the latter as a member of the Students' Council.

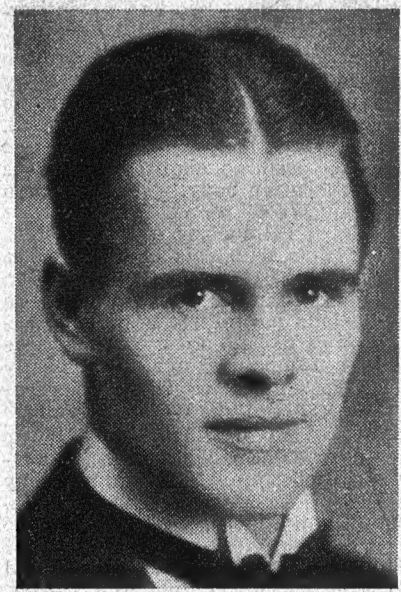
Ted Manning, a member of last year's Student Council, as a representative of Men's Athletics, and last year's President of the Tennis Club, is a man in whom these two qualities are combined. He is a man with business training, experience in student affairs, and has the energy necessary to make a success of any position he undertakes.

(Continued on Page Six)

SKATING SATURDAY

There will be skating with band at the rink Saturday night. This will be the final band night of the season.

PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE



BOB HILL, Com '29

It is almost superfluous to write an election write-up for a man as widely known in all branches of student activity as Bob Hill. Anyone who knows him knows that for general brilliant ability, for width and variety of interests, for ardor, enthusiasm and "go-getter-ness" in anything he undertakes, and for a versatility well exemplified by his activities on the debating floor and on the stage, on the floor of the Students' Union or as a member of committees, on class executives or on business staffs, as well as by his general first class proficiency in sports, Bob is, par excellence, the logical contender for the office of President of the Students' Union. Although in the case of such a widely known man details are unnecessary, we present herewith a few of his accomplishments:

Member of the committee to report

ELECTION SPEECHES MONDAY

A special Union meeting is at 4:30, to allow Students' Union called for Monday, March 19th, candidates an appeal to their electors.

Candidates for the presidency will be allowed ten minutes each. One supporter of each will be allowed three minutes to introduce his candidate. Each other candidate will be allowed five minutes.

Candidates for the Union Committee on student government will be introduced to the meeting.

on initiation.

President of the Soph Class.

Advertising manager of the 1926-27 Year Book—the most successful financial year in the Year Book's history.

Inter-university debater.

Athletics—speak for themselves.

Student government has reached a stage in its history when a leader, courageous, capable, and far-seeing, is necessary to lead it. Bob Hill has all these qualities, courage and capability superlatively. Add to these an attractive personality which wins all with whom it comes in contact—and you have all the hall-marks of a leader.

Bob's interest in every phase of student activity and human interest have given him an education in University affairs such as few others, if any, possess; and he is alive with energy, always well directed. When a question comes before him he studies rapidly and comprehensively every phase and aspect of it—and then comes quickly to a decision, and devotes all his manifold energies to the solution.

Bob Hill will lead the Union through its difficulties, and make 1928-29 the most successful Union year.

PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE



TOM ASKIN, Ag '29

Tommy Askin, or, to use the pseudonym under which he operates on formal occasions, Thomas Henry Askin, has consented to contest the Presidency of the Students' Union.

He will, if elected, bring to that office a sound experience in many branches of student activity. His work on the Ag Club Executive denotes him a man well thought of in his own faculty. In general student affairs he has been most active. He has in turn played rugby and managed the Ag-Sci Rugby Club, played on the House League basketball championship team of 1927, and further in the field of athletics he has played in interfaculty hockey and in addition to other duties was chairman of the Interfaculty Hockey League last year.

The Gateway early appreciated his ability as reporter, and utilized his work on every available occasion. He was as a result appointed Sporting Editor last year, and his sheet excited much favorable comment both within and without the University because of his keen insight into sport generally.

His sound financial ability received the general approval of the student body when he was elected as Treasurer of the Students' Union last spring. His carrying out of the duties of that onerous position has been marked with the success that has characterized his every effort in Students' Union affairs. More particularly will this be appreciated when one considers that the Treasurer of the Students' Union has direct supervision of the finances of every organization under the Union. In this way Tommy had learned from sometimes bitter experience the difficulties confronting every student organization.

The Students' Council, well aware of his capabilities, unanimously chose him as the Director for the Evergreen and Gold of 1928. The present splendid progress apparent in the production of the book warrants the confidence reposed in him by the Council, and augurs well for a Year Book second to none.

It is a well-known fact that student government is at the cross-roads, and it can only be through the offices of a man noteworthy for his quiet courage, sincerity, energy and clear thinking that the new proposed system can be carried out. In a time of reconstruction the President of the Union must be one whose feet are solidly "upon the ground" and free from any suggestion of being erratic or easily led. In Tommy Askin we find such a man.

CERCLE FRANCAIS TO PRESENT PLAY

Many Amusing Scenes and Complications in Play Next Wednesday

To wind up a very successful season Le Cercle Francais has reserved what will probably be its best entertainment for the last, to take place in Convocation Hall, at 5:00 p.m. next Wednesday. This is a play, "L'Anglais Tel Qu'on Le Parle" or "English as She is Spoke," the actors of which were chosen from the club's members and directed by Dr. Sonet.

This promises a jolly hour's entertainment for those who care to attend. One feature of this presentation is that you pay neither on entering or leaving. Admission is free. Another attraction for those who feel that their comparative ignorance of the French language will prevent them from enjoying a laugh with the rest of the audience, is that two English characters and an abundance of action give the key to the situations.

The plot is quite simple. An English girl elopes with a young Frenchman, who is a clerk in a bank. They take rooms in a small hotel in Paris, whither the girl's father also proceeds in quest of them. Then complications arise. An ingenious youth, Eugene, attempts to act as the hotel interpreter, although the only language he speaks is French. He manages to get everyone mixed up until all are well misunderstood. When the cloud is finally cleared away and the old man learns that the clerk has been given an interest in the banking house, he consents to let his daughter marry her lover.

In the order of appearance the cast reads:

Julien	Roger Harding
Betty	Gwen Mullett
Le garçon	Fred Hunter
La caissière	Peg Stafford
Eugene	George Stanley
Hogson	Vic Gowan
L'inspecteur	Bob Hill

VOTING INSTRUCTIONS

The voters' list will be posted on the bulletin board of the Arts Building on Friday morning. All members of the Students' Union should make it a point to see that their names are contained therein, and any omissions should be at once reported to the Returning Officer. Also any name not properly included therein may be struck out on the application of any qualified voter in accordance with section 5, sub-section 9 of the Constitution.

The poll will be open in the Men's Common Room of the Arts Building from nine o'clock in the morning until five o'clock in the afternoon. The nurses' vote will be taken at the University Hospital at noon.

There will be two types of ballot—one for the men and one for the women. All ballots will be marked with an X, and voters will use the pencils supplied.

C. A. EDWARDS,
Returning Officer.

DRAMATIC SOCIETY ELECTIONS

Nominations for the offices of president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer and year representatives of the Dramatic Society for the term 1928-29 must be in the hands of the present executive by noon of Tuesday, March 27.

Committee to Be Elected To Report on Student Gov't

Live Union Meeting Expresses Dissatisfaction With Present Form and Provides For Committee to Be Elected Next Wednesday to Report on Student Government

Last Friday afternoon, in one of the liveliest meetings the Students' Union has ever held, action was finally taken on the question of a change in the form of student government. Two motions were passed by the meeting, which was attended by about 110 members.

(1) That, whereas the Students' Union is dissatisfied with the present form of student government, a committee of five students be elected to bring in a report on a system of student government.

(2) That the members of this committee be nominated in the same manner as the candidates for the Students' Council, and that they be elected at the same time.

Many Motions

The meeting was featured by an abundance of motions and amendments, all inspired by the central question of student government, but many of them having more to do with manipulation of rules of order rather than with student government itself.

After the adoption of the minutes

(Continued on Page 6)

Mysterious Personage Is Principal Character of Play

Plot of "He Who Gets Slapped" Centers Around Adventures in Circus of a Man Unjustly Ruined in Society—To Be Presented Next Thursday and Friday

The Spring Play, "He Who Gets Slapped," is receiving its finishing touches. The night of the first presentation comes in exactly one week, Thursday, March 22nd. The first night will be especially for students; the second night for the general public. The set is finished, costumes are in the making and the cast is working hard on this, one of the most difficult plays that has ever been presented in Convocation Hall.

Story of the Play

The story is one of a man who one day wanders into the combined lounge room and office of a big European circus. He has the air of a gentleman, but there is something mysterious about his actions. The circus actors, with a naive suspicion for anyone from "out there," as they call the world outside their own little sphere, are hesitant about admitting him. He tells Papa Briquet, the brusque circus manager, that he wants to be a clown. Finally, he is accepted, for his simple honest manner has won the hearts of the actors. He reveals his identity as a member of the aristocracy only to Briquet and Zinida, the lion-tamer. To others he is known as HE, the One Who Gets Slapped.

He becomes a success as a clown. His multitudinous circus slaps delight the audiences. But one day he is visited by a gentleman from "out there," from his former world. This

is the man who first slapped him, who robbed him of his fame, his wife, his position in the world. He is fearful lest HE should come back and claim his rightful place. Contemptuously he is re-assured and dismissed.

Mancini, a renegade Italian count, and hanger-on of the circus, is busy trying to find a suitor for his daughter, Consuelo, the bareback Tango Queen. Consuelo is the favourite of the whole circus, a girl of infinite charm and little experience of life. Mancini finally finds a suitor in the person of the rich but profligate, Baron Regnard.

HE, too, loves Consuelo; he cannot endure to see her being sold to such a man as the Baron. He finally solves the problem. How he does so is another story.

The Cast

The title role is being portrayed by Eric Gibbs, a freshman who has shown marked talent. Mona Macleod is playing Consuelo, a part of which she is particularly fitted. The role of the lion-tamer, Zinida, is being played by Elsie Young. The principal actors are supported by a strong cast. It is very important that the students support the Dramatic Society to the limit. Keep next Thursday or Friday night free. Tickets will be on sale in the basement of the Arts Building, starting Monday.

C.O.T.C. ATTENDS MORNING SERVICE

Col. H. M. Tory Delivers Inspiring Address—Lieut.-Gov. Egbert Present

The service in Convocation Hall last Sunday morning, March 11, was the occasion of the annual church parade of the C.O.T.C. The unit paraded about two hundred strong—officers and other ranks—and marched up to the Arts Building to the music of the band, led by the O.C., Lieut.-Col. F. A. Stewart Dunn.

A detachment of the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve under C. P. O. Cross, a troop of Girl Guides led by Commissioner Mrs. Proctor, and nurses from the University Hospital, with their superintendent, Miss Fenwick, were also in attendance. Some distinguished visitors were His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Egbert, His Worship the Mayor and Mrs. Bury, Superintendent Ritchie and other officers of the R. C. M. P., and officers from local militia units, among whom were Col. F. C. Jamieson, Lt.-Col. Gillespie, Lt.-Col. Louis Scott, Lt.-Col. Egerton Pope,

Lt.-Col. J. J. Ower, and Major Clarke.

Col. H. M. Tory, President of the University, gave an inspiring address on the topic, "The Spirit that is Within Man," taking his text from the opening of the young man's arguments in the book of Job. Mr. Ernest Pelluet sang a solo, and suitable anthems were sung by the choir.

After the service, the C.O.T.C., having been inspected by His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor, retired from the Arts Building to the front of the Medical Building, where battalion photographs were taken.

ARTS CLUB ELECTIONS

Election of officers for the Arts Club will take place Wednesday, March 21st. The poll will be open all day in the basement of the Arts Building.

Nominations, signed by ten members of the Arts Faculty, must be handed to Bill Hobbs or Don Sproule before noon on Monday, the 19th. The officials to be chosen are President, Vice-President, Secretary-Treasurer, Senior Rep., Junior Rep., and Soph Rep. Snap into it, Arts students, and choose your executives.

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

DO YOU BELIEVE THE AGE LIMIT FOR ENTRANCE TO THE UNIVERSITY SHOULD BE RAISED, AND STRICTLY ADHERED TO?

Jack Marshall, LL.B., Arts '28: There may be some question as to whether or not the age limit should be raised. However, there certainly should be a closer adherence to the present regulation.

Barbara Robinson, House Ec. '31: Yes; we suffer from an excess of juvenility now.

Henry Bailey, Com '30: No; I believe that when every year counts so much in a man's life, those who have the ability to complete their high school course in less time than usual should be allowed to realize on their ability.

Jane McNab, Arts '29: Yes; a more mature student body would better realize the real university spirit.

Ted Donald, Pharm '29: Yes; I think that as a rule older students make more of the opportunities an education offers them.

Mary Lehmann, Arts '29: Yes; those who urge most strongly the raising of the age limit are the students who came in too young themselves.

A. W. Jones, Eng. '31: No; I do not think the age limit should be raised. And I think the authorities should continue to modify the regulation in cases of exceptional ability.

Muriel Duncan, Arts and Med '33: Even the infant prodigies could stay out a few years and improve their table manners.

William Alridge, Med '34: Yes; a higher age limit for university entrance would stabilize higher education.

Nano Waldo, Pharm '29: No; clever people should not be kept back merely because of their age.



THE GATEWAY

Undergraduate newspaper published weekly by the Students' Union of the University of Alberta

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Managing Editor Matthew Halton
News Editor Herbert Hutton
Sports Editor Kenneth W. Conibear
Women's Editor Roger Harding
Exchange Editor Elsie Young
Anna Wilson, B.A.

BUSINESS STAFF

Business Manager Lee Cameron
Advertising Manager Victor I. MacLaren
Circulation Manager James Hawkins

"THE LADIES! GOD BLESS 'EM!"

We hear a good deal in these days of Women's Hockey. Many students, men for the most part, express decided opinions on the subject. They say that the class of hockey played, and the very slight interest in the games, do not justify the maintenance of a women's hockey team. Probably a good deal of this comment comes from those people who regard a University team as an advertisement, and there are many such. However that may be, there is another aspect of the matter to be considered. The women students pay Union fees, just as the men do, and are consequently entitled to a grant from the Union. The forms of sport to which this grant is to be devoted is a question which the women themselves must decide. Basketball and hockey are the only games for which they have organized teams, and though their hockey is not of Allan Cup quality at present, there is no saying what it may develop into in the course of time. With a rink on the campus, their opportunities will be greater hereafter than they have been in the past, and if they organize an interfaculty league, they may discover a good deal of talent hitherto unsuspected.

It is true that the women's team has not won many games this year. Neither has the men's team, but no one has suggested that men's hockey should be dropped. It may be that both teams will be able, in time, to compete successfully in their class.

In any case it should not be said, as it has been, that the women's team is not entitled to financial support. A sufficient portion of the Union fees are paid by women to maintain their own sports, and it is for them to say what these shall be.

This matter, of course, like the Pembina rules and the Wauneta Council, is no business of The Gateway's, as Jean or some other lady will probably inform us next week. So, as we may be short of space the week after next, we may as well apologize at once for mentioning it.

THE COMMITTEE ON STUDENT GOVERNMENT

The Students' Union has decided to elect a committee, which is the proper thing for an assembly to do when in doubt. This committee is to examine the system of student government, decide what changes are necessary, and submit its findings to the Union. As most of this work will have to be done in the summer vacation, it would be well, if possible, to elect a committee which will have no trouble in convening during that time. Therefore it should be composed, as far as possible, of students who will spend the summer in Edmonton.

If the committee is compelled to carry on its business by correspondence its work will necessarily be slow, and the chances of a satisfactory solution will be small.

This is not suggested for the purpose of supporting any particular set of nominees as such. So far as The Gateway is concerned any student is entirely welcome to a place on the committee if he covets the same, and if he gets one, our blessing and sympathy are thrown in therewith. But it must be obvious to anyone that if this committee is to accomplish anything, its members must be so situated as to be able to meet conveniently, and wrangle freely, without the assistance of His Majesty's mail. We suggest Edmonton because it is nearest to the University, and because there are more students dwelling there than in any other city in Alberta.

THE STERILIZATION BILL

It might be well to call two or three facts to the attention of those who think the recently enacted sterilization bill is a dreadful ogre of incalculable cruelty. With the ethical side of the question, dealing with whether or not any government has the right to protect its citizens by sterilizing the mentally unfit, we do not propose to deal.

The important facts to be remembered, however, before the new law is sweepingly condemned, are these: First, it does not propose mutilation, but will accomplish the desired end by a slight incision which will do no more than prevent reproduction. Second, this treatment will apply only on the consent of the person involved, and on the consent of his or her nearest relative. Third, each case must be decided finally before four of the most prominent medical men and psychologists of the province.

Whether the measure is "right" or "wrong," it looks at least as if it will prevent the propagation of mentally deficient, without working any hardships on these themselves.

PATERNALISM

Wasn't it John Stuart Mill who said that there was no instance in history of a class in power using its power for the benefit of any other class? One of the U.F.A. mottoes, we believe, is "Equal rights to all. Special privileges to none." In pursuance of this, they have decided that the professions have a right to be regulated by the provincial government. The professions seem to agree that the government is conferring no privilege on them, but, sad to relate, they do not even seem to appreciate it as a right. In fact, they are so ungrateful as to consider this paternal procedure as something not to be desired. But the government is out to do them good, and good it will do them. They are to have boards to keep them straight, just as young ladies used to about a century ago. We are reverting to the back-board.

This board treatment seems to be regarded as a remedy for all evils, and boards are rapidly increasing



Jest!!!

The following ribald joke was handed in to Cass today. It undoubtedly has some sinister portent, so we publish it for what it is worth.

Med Stude: "You're not living in residence this winter, eh?"

Piper: "I sure am. Why?"

Med Stude: "Oh, I thought you were living in that corner house."

No Issue Sunday

Owing to the hitherto unprecedented rush of entries for The Gateway's popularity contest, something must go. Watch for our Xmas issue.

Keep That Schoolgirl Complexion!

There is an act to come up before the Alberta Legislature in a few weeks known as the "Town Planning and Preservation of Natural Beauty Act."

It's As Plain As Day

By O. C. Here

America is the land of free and untrammelled politics. While hundreds of thousands of United States voters can't understand just why Mr. Coolidge refused a third term in the presidential chair, there are many foreign nations that can figure out his reasons without even a moment spent in puzzling thought.

Way out in far Rumania,
Where the Rumanians remain,
And Prince Carol has a mania
To come back once more and reign;
Where Marie still does the queening
As she bosses young King Mike —
To be safe (don't miss my meaning)
You should be prepared to hike.

And down south below the border,
When a man's a candidate,
There may come along an order,
That commands to "amputate."
And the deftly twirled machetta,
Or the well-directed shot,
Makes the Mexican regret a
Chance he took and what he got.

On the distant steppes of Russia,
Where the "Bear walks like a man."
The Cossacks will come to fuss you
When you are an "also ran";
There the snow descends a lot-sky
But their politics is hot—
They have tied a can to Trotsky
And they've made Old Trotsky trot.

And so, when the cables carried
To the wide, wide world the news
That Cal. Coolidge wasn't married
To his job and "didn't choose,"
These poor peoples who are muzzled
And who fear the sword and gun,
They were never even puzzled
Why he "didn't choose to run."

Don't feel righteous because there are some laws
you dop't break. Nobody breaks them all.

Correct this sentence: "The more intimately I
know him," said the bride of six months, "the more he
impresses me."

Sale on!—and many of them.

If some amateur theatrical organization wants
some one who can be prompter, let it consider the
Oregon child born at 12:01 January 1.

Life insurance statisticians figure that one of the
lowest mortality rates is among former football players.
Death is slow to tackle them and they pass out
kicking.

The best time to establish the thirteen-month
calendar is now, while there's another Caesar to name
the new month for.

Intellectuals are born, not made. You can't cultivate
the conviction that everything is rotten except
yourself.

Break, Break, Break—at the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
You'd have to break a hell of a lot
'Ere you'd be as broke as me.

—Contributed by Y. M. I. Broke.

We were talking to the sweet young thing the
other day—she told us she had quit going to Sunday
School because she was tired of hearing the Ten
Suggestions.

in number. There may be enough boards after a
while for everyone to sit on, and then we shall all be
comfortable. We'll sit in a circle and have a merry
little game of mutual regulation. (This game was
formerly called Bureaucracy.) However, it all goes
to prove that Mill was wrong. If he could have seen
how solicitous the provincial government is for the
welfare of classes other than farmers, he'd have had
reason to revise his opinion.

A NEW TYRANNY

"The makers of the car have heard the call of style
and have put forth this daintily appointed equipage
to meet the social requirements of this style-wise age.
And it's not the engine or the brakes or the miles
per gallon any more. It's the looks. And the men
who dress up to their cars, and up to their women
folks—" What a pity it is that Carlyle is not here
to expound the philosophy of cars. Clothes are now
adays merely incidental. Men's clothes, it appears,
should match their cars and their women. Central
Europeans have been frequently heard to say that
women rule America. And now they are beginning to
share this sovereignty with the car manufacturers.
Thank heaven Britannia rules the waves, and we can
still go to sea.



"I do not agree with a word that you say,
but I will defend to the death your right to
say it."—Voltaire.

University of Alberta.

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—At the last Students' Union meeting the students put themselves on record as being dissatisfied with the present system of student government. What was wrong with it this year? Some students say, "The Council has been dead." Members of the council say, "The students are dead. They never turned out to a meeting in numbers large enough to form a quorum—we could do nothing—we had no authority—our hands were tied."

Who are right? Obviously the Council. The students apparently realize this because they make no suggestion of abolishing the Council. Instead their last meeting indicates that they wish to abolish themselves as an executive body. They as much as say, "We're no use. We're not capable of conducting a government. The trouble with this government is in ourselves. We have no desire in future to express our opinions on the various matters of student interest. We get no kick out of these student union meetings. We gladly will give an elected man the privilege of expressing our views for us."

Yes! They would gladly give up the most democratic system of government possible—a system whereby everyone—from fresh to senior, athlete or non-athlete, can have a word in the government—for a system of representation such as is necessitated in ruling a country, due to expenses, etc., preventing a country from meeting as a whole.

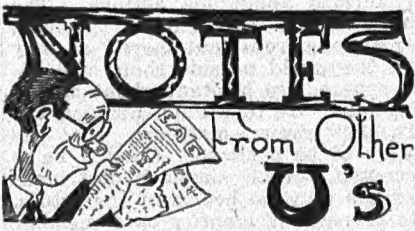
Should the present system be abolished, no more would the students meet to express their views, or get the odd kick (for who doesn't?) out of the arguments at these meetings. The other universities and colleges can point to Alberta and say, "Hm! Yes! There is where Dr. Tory gave a bright youthful university as much student government, by the students, as was possible, and they turned it down. It must be no good."

But has it been no good? Up to this year it has functioned well, and this year the only trouble has been in getting a quorum. An amendment to the constitution to make the number of students at a meeting form a quorum would make any change in form of government unnecessary. Also those turning out would be the ones interested in the subjects discussed. A quorum with 900 disinterested students and 100 interested ones are not, in my opinion, as good legislators as 100 interested students. Should the 100 be denied a discussion because of the indifference of the 900?

Before changing our type of government, therefore, we should be sure the present system is unsatisfactory, and, if so, why? I think that the above indicates that the system of government is not at fault, but only the students lack of interest in student affairs. The students should think twice before giving up the democratic privileges they now enjoy. It would be a retrogressive step toward government by "the powers that be."

J. W. GIFFEN.

(We should like to correct one statement in Mr. Giffen's letter. He writes: "The other universities and colleges can point to Alberta . . ." May we point out that practically every Canadian university except Alberta has adopted a representative form of student government. Alberta is at present almost unique in Canada in its attempt to keep the legislative power in a Students' Union comprising the entire student body.—THE EDITOR.)



Reporting is like flirting, if you're good at it nobody can stop you; if you're not, nobody can teach you," said Napier Moore, editor of Maclean's Magazine, in his lecture recently in the annual course of journalism at Toronto University.

Wholesale revision of the Columbia University curriculum within the next two years, and the probable introduction of "snap" courses was discussed by Dean Herbert E. Hawkes in an alumni day talk.

Dean Hawkes said that a committee is considering the introduction of "snap" courses. These he favors. He told the alumni that "if the system is put through as I favor it some of the best lectures in college will give courses two or three times a week for which there will be given half credit. I think this will serve to acquaint the students with the subject matter of the course without having them bother to an unnecessary extent about preparing for examinations.

"Snap" courses have often turned out very well. A course at Harvard which was reputed to be very easy turned out many very good geologists. The faculty, however, did not approve of the existence of any course as easy as this one, with the result that there have been no good geologists produced since the abolition of the course."

Harvard University debaters hereafter will be selected after round table discussions rather than by the old tryout speech methods. The change was prompted by a criticism in the New York Times, charging the Cambridge speakers with insincerity.

The round table plan is expected to give the candidates sufficient opportunity to examine the issues, so that they will be able to form their own conclusions and select the side to which their own opinions adhere.

The first women's college daily newspaper was established this fall at Radcliff College when the Radcliff paper made a daily publication.

"A Necessary Evil" is the term applied to intercollegiate athletic radio broadcasting by athletic officials at Ohio State University. While the broadcasting of football and basketball games is one way of losing spectators, the officials say it is also a means of keeping alumni and friends of the university interested in the sports. So Ohio State continues the broadcasting at a cost of about one hundred dollars per game.

The Daily Californian reports a movement for an intercollegiate civic association that will try to make government and its problems of interest to college students. Regional mock political conventions, and articles in the college press dealing with current affairs, have been suggested as stimuli.

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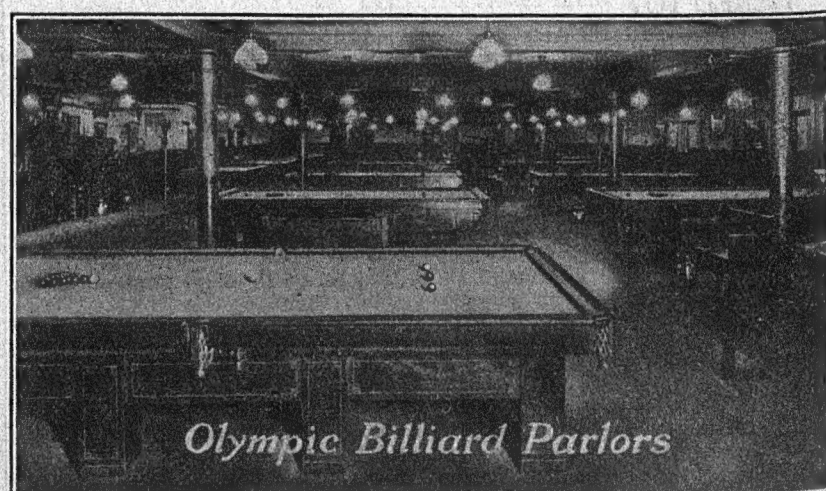
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C. E. MORRIS

WHAT WE READ

Extract from "Reminiscences of the '80's and '90's."

By E. A. Howes

If, when I was a boy, we did not do so much in the way of supplementary reading, it was often because there was little reading matter available in the farm homes. There is a story handed down, that was no doubt the product of a day when political faith was generally a matter of inheritance, rather than of conviction. Two farm neighbours, friends in everything but politics, were discussing this very subject of reading matter in the farm home. One took the other to task about the scarcity of this material at his home, and received this reply: "What was good enough for me is good enough for my boys. They have the Bible and the Toronto Globe, all that I had, and that is enough for them." His neighbour replied, "Well, at any rate, you are giving them both sides of the question." This old classic of the hustings pointed a moral that was not political, if the raconteurs had only realized it. There was too often but little reading matter, good, bad, or indifferent, and if there were many exceptions to this rule, they simply stand out by comparison as exceptions. If we did not readily develop a discriminating taste in reading, it was often because variety and attractiveness were wanting. To get down to the concrete, I shall relate my experiences, with the hope that it may result in a sort of old boys' literary reunion. All flights of imagination are hereby barred.

I shall first speak about our periodicals. My earliest recollection tells me that we patronized the house of Douglass in Montreal at the time, for I remember the Weekly Witness and the Northern Messenger. I do not remember much about the former, but I do remember that the latter came in my name, and that I once became a pest to the extent of soliciting subscriptions from family friends. Some of them must have fallen victims, because I received as a premium a gilt watch chain, that could

have been used in an emergency as a dog chain. I selected this premium because grandfather had promised to leave me his hunting-case key-wind, patent-lever watch. I have the watch in good running order yet, but the chain is lost, probably it was utilized in some of the farm work. Whatever reading matter was contained in the Messenger, I am obliged to report that with the exception of two stories, The Man of the House, and one about three girls named respectively Dulcimer, Peach-Blossom and Angel, it failed to register. The Witness was probably too old for me, but I do remember it being quoted at the time of the Scott Act diversion. It may have been from the Witness, too, that I heard read extracts about the Cook murder at Little Rideau, and possibly the same paper may have carried those pictures of Brady and Kelly and the story of the Phoenix Park murders in Dublin.

For one year we rose to the dignity of a daily paper, The Montreal Star. It was this way: uncle was postmaster and as such was privileged to receive the Star for one dollar per year. He was not interested, but he allowed us to take the paper in his name, scarcely a legal proceeding, but it is too late now for the Star to do much about it. I shall never forget the Star, because of the "love story" serials it ran, at the rate of one column per day. We received our mail on alternate days, so that I would get two copies each throw. Weather permitting, I ducked into a fence corner, on the way home, to read the two columns of love adventure, because I knew there would be small opportunity after I reached home. Great stuff! Wish I could read them now, even if it would be a bit of a frost. It is just possible that Trials and Triumphs, After Dark the Dawn, Love's Conquest and some others, would not give me the thrill they gave the little barefoot lad in the old log fence corner. After that year we subscribed in our own name to the Family Herald and Weekly Star. By that time I must have been able to get more from a newspaper, because I remember that I was much interested in some of its departments. I do not recall any fiction, but I remember that for the first time I began to take interest in world news, particularly that contained in a page devoted to items of interest from England, Scotland, Ireland and elsewhere. There was, too, that wonderful page of poems, and Old Favourites, and other songs, and the management is hereby informed for the first time that a little of that ballad stuff was sent them by a kid, too bashful to sign his name; this was a bit later on, of course. I took a keen interest in the "Question and Answer" page, even in the medical column with its sane advice and its prescriptions, probably harmless. I remember that they always prescribed ammoniated mercury ointment for falling hair, and as a testi-

monial I wish to report that when I arrived at the period when this trouble became acute with me, I used this prescription, and it did not work worth a cent; nor did several others. I also took a decided interest in the Veterinary column, which is not to be wondered at, in a farm boy who loved live stock, and I always looked forward to the day when I might see Dr. McEachren. The plant column, edited by "G.D.F.," was used by me to identify the weeds and wild flowers of our district, and I did not know I was studying botany, neither did I dream that one day Dr. G. D. Fuller, now of Chicago University, would be a close personal friend. So much for the Family Herald. The only additional paper I remember seeing at our home, and this was later on, was the Toronto Mail. I know we were taking it at the time of the Berchall-Benwell tragedy.

THE FORUM

At the last meeting of the Forum, held in the Common Room on Thursday, March 8, the weighty problem of student government was discussed at some length. The following is a brief summary of the debate:

Mr. Wes. Oke (Leader of the Government) decided that there is something wrong with the present form of student government: "Few good things to be said for it, except that it is ideal in theory." After having made this revelation, he went on to laud the representative form of government, and finally submitted a definite scheme for consideration.

Mr. D. P. McDonald (Leader of the Opposition), likewise came to the startling conclusion that the present form of student government is unsatisfactory—also presented a definite scheme for student government.

Mr. A. S. Galbraith (Opposition) criticized the Government scheme on account of its alleged complexity—"The most successful organizations are the most simple."

Mr. S. Fisher (Government): "A certain faculty is now putting something over other faculties"—now what can you mean, Mr. Fisher?

Mr. C. Fisher (a Third Party): "We want practice, not theory!—really, really, REALLY, Mr. Speaker!—we should have a committee of no more than ten for efficiency!"

Mr. S. G. MacDonald objects to ruling of Speaker—Bang! Bang! Bang! is latter's only reply.

Mr. Ted Manning (O.) outlined the Opposition scheme. During Mr. Manning's speech there was an interruption which gave the Speaker, Mr. J. F. Day, the opportunity to wax sarcastic on "the Great Republic to the South."

Mr. S. G. MacDonald (G.) accused "the leader of the Opposition and his worthy cohorts" of not having the interests of the student body at heart—"the opposition has erred—hot aired!" There is no getting away from it, Shirley is invigorating—a regular little ray of sunshine.

Mr. Emrys (Casey) Jones (O.) nobly supported the much-abused and down-trodden Faculty of Law (cherchez la femme!)

Mr. Ronald Martland (G.) introduced some sound common sense into the debate.

Mr. Don B. MacKenzie (a Fourth Party) advocated a form of anarchy, which is worth looking into. His speech was well balanced between wit and wisdom.

Mr. Chapelle (G.) compared student government to the administration of a bank.

Mr. Ken MacKenzie (O.)—Democratic theories.

Mrs. Newton (O.): "Heads of societies do not necessarily make good council members."

Wes Oke (G.) closed the debate.

On the taking of the vote, the Government was given the decision.

—SENECA.

Philanthropic

University of California has received a gift of \$1,500,000 for establishment of a foundation to foster the state's agricultural development, from A. P. Giannini, founder of the Bank of Italy. The donor, once a farmer-immigrant, gave to the University his five per cent. of the earnings of the Bancitaly corporation, which he refused to accept. Giannini said that he has no desire to become a millionaire, and decided to devote his money to the state's greatest asset, its agriculture.

Wabash College is offering civic clubs and high schools services of its speakers' bureau, recently instituted to give the student orators practical experience. Orations on many topics are to be had for the asking.

THE ALUMNI

There has been a good deal of discussion recently about the lack of University spirit here, and it has been said that the spirit of the Alumni Association is almost non-existent. This criticism has been levelled at that body principally by graduates who have made no effort to join that Association or contribute to its efforts.

The longer one is graduated, the closer he feels the ties with his fellow graduates, and the more interested he becomes in them, and in the University itself—that is, if he is the sort of person who ever played a part in University life during his student days.

It has been said that the Alumni Association accomplishes nothing—that it simply meets a few times a year at luncheon in a feeble effort to keep the life of the Association intact. It is true that the paid-up membership of the Association does not comprise as many of the graduates as it should, but the Association as a whole is flourishing.

"The Trail" is one telling argument for the existence of the Association. We all—increasingly so as the time stretches out from the date of our graduation—have the desire to keep in touch with those who were students with us.

The Edmonton Branch has one outstanding item to its credit this year—the Kathleen Parlow recital. It was a delight from an artistic standpoint, and has won recognition of the Alumni Association as an active organization which is an asset to Edmonton. It is also pleasing to state that the concert was a success financially, and the proceeds have been used to buy two much-needed wheel chairs for the Orthopaedic Ward of the University Hospital.

The barriers between graduates of different years tend to break down with time. The one fact that seems important is that we have had for several years a common background—have shared the terrors of examinations, and the joys of Varsity functions, Tuck Shop teas, and such other interesting influences. Most of us find a gratitude growing in our hearts to those who made these things possible, and a desire to keep in touch with the University, and if possible to help present students to obtain advantages we did not possess.

New Guide To The University

V.—STUDENT ORGANIZATIONS

My guide and I walked back together to the Arts Building to attend an important meeting of the S.S.L.U.A., otherwise known as the "Society for the Suppression of Lectures at the University of Alberta." My conductor explained to me that an important part of a university education is learning to interpret mysterious symbols like N.F.C.U.S., W.C.I.A.U., S.P.F.W.G.F.A.D.L., and the like.

Big Union Meeting

As we passed the door of Convocation Hall I looked in to observe what might be going on. Two people were sitting on chairs just below the stage, and in the long rows of seats facing them sat perhaps a dozen students. "Just a Students' Union meeting," remarked my guide, "it is of no importance; come on," and we hurried down the hall into one of the lecture-rooms, where the S.S.L.U.A. were gathered.

Here, after having been served with three-quarters of a cup of tea and one cubic cm. of cake, we sat around and enjoyed a brisk conversation about the weather until the president rose and with obvious reluctance and considerable difficulty, called the meeting to order. He requested the secretary to read the minutes of the last meeting.

Interesting Address

"The third meeting of the S.S.L.U.A. was held on Feb. 15 in Room 152 Arts Building. A large number of students was present." (Applause.) "After an enjoyable tea" (renewed applause) "the President introduced Mr. Whazianame, who gave a very enjoyable address" (disturbance in the back-seats) "on 'The problems of elevating the wild Whiffle-bird of Central Africa, in a state of captivity,' a subject which he said he felt should appeal to all his hearers, being, as it was, one of general interest." (Murmurs of dissent.)

"At the close of the address Mr. ——— thanked the speaker for his highly informative talk. The meeting then adjourned." The minutes having been adopted amid prolonged hand-clapping, the President rose and informed all present that this was a business meeting, called to discuss club activities. "It has been decided," he said, "that we should hold a banquet on the night of March 15. We have met to discuss plans for this. Have any of you any suggestions?" (Gloomy and prolonged silence.)

"How much is it going to cost?" finally came a voice from the back-benches.

"We can't make up our expense-account until we know what we're going to do."

A long wrangle followed over the place for the party and various other accessory details.

"I think," came from the back of the room, "we should decide right now what kind of ice-cream we're going to have. I feel that is important. The whole couleur locale rests on that."

"Mr. President, I protest. I think the soup should receive first consideration." (Mingled applause and cries of "Sit down, order, order.")

"But, Mr. President—"

"Just then a bell rang. 'Gee, I've got to get up to dinner. I move we adjourn.'"

"I second the motion." (This was the only proposal that had commanded any unanimity.)

"All right, we'll let everyone know later what the committee decides on."

The meeting disintegrated; dazed, I followed my guide out into the hall, when we were outside.

"What's it all about?" I asked absently. "I really don't know," he replied. "I couldn't quite make out. Well," he went on, "we'd better be moving along. I've got to borrow a tux from one of the boys."

The Army

As we passed down the hall I noticed a khaki-clad squad of students ambling along dragging guns. They appeared quite dejected, but were still able to obey with the fine mechanical precision of an overworked Ford the sharp commands of a very dignified officer.

"The C.O.T.C.," said my guide cautiously, when they had passed by. "It's a compulsory course like P.T., but far more popular; you get paid for C.O.T.C. parades, quite aside from the fun you have packing a heavy gun around a wet parade-ground. But we'd better move on, the C.O.T.C. boys are very loyal to their company and are said only recently to have maltreated a number of unfortunates who had the temerity to make disparaging remarks about them."

ELECTED BY ACCLAMATION

CHIEF JUSTICE

CHARLES ERIC STUART, B.A., Law '29

The new Chief Justice of the Students' Court has been prominent in student affairs for several years. He is a former President of his class, and last year was Manager of the Cambridge Debate. This year he has been President of the Debating Society and a member of the Students' Council.

A knowledge of the law and of student affairs, combined with an absolute freedom from prejudice and narrow-mindedness, make Eric Stuart an excellent man in every way for the responsible office to which he has been elected by acclamation.

SECRETARY WAUNEITAS

MARION MASSIE, Arts '29

Marian Massie, has been elected by acclamation as Secretary-Treasurer of the Wauneita Society.

"To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,

Is wasteful and ridiculous excess." And so it is with Mae. Like the girl in the song, everybody doesn't love her, but then, everybody doesn't know her. We do not support her as the compendium of all possible virtues, but we do consider her as one of the most charming girls in the University.

"I am not a Law student," says Mae, with a great deal of truth. In fact, she is in Arts and Architecture, which only helps to explain her unlimited popularity with a number of bright young men in Engineering.

Class '29 has had the discernment to elect her as vice-president this year. As the hot tomale she charms the Wauneita masquerade. Her personal attractiveness, undoubted ability, and very fine sense of humor should make her an ideal official. Her nominally Scotch ancestry points to the position of secretary-treasurer as the niche.

PRES. WOMEN'S ATHLETICS

VERA PALMER, Com '29

Alberta ships a million dollars' worth of wheat to British Columbia and B.C. sends Tommy Palmer back. That's a perfectly even trade, as any member of the Commerce Club will tell you.

If ever anyone deserved to head Women's Athletics, Vera is IT. This year she managed the Track Team, and look what happened. For two years she has been the liveliest young wire on the basketball team—the power behind the throne. Her speed on the floor is only equalled by her deadly accuracy in selling tickets (ask the man who owns two!). Her work on the Council shows that back of her generous smile is as capable a business head as ever wrestled with a budget and made it behave.

A thorough sport, with a warm heart and a cool head, Vera Palmer is just the executive needed for co-ed athletics.

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SPORTS



Varsity Loses Duggan Cup To Superiors in Playoff

Slow to Get Going in First Game—Superiors Run Up 5-2 Lead—
Hold Varsity to 1-1 Tie in Second Game—
Season Now Over

At the Varsity rink Saturday night, March 10th, the first game of the playoffs in the Duggan Cup series started off strong for Varsity, when Pat Morris tallied on a neat pass from Runge three minutes after play had started. Varsity looked good for ten minutes of the first period, but poor combination resulting in solo rushes netted nothing more. The Superiors got under way the last half of this period, and neat combination and close back-checking gave them a decided edge over Varsity. Jimmie Graham, who played an excellent game for the "Soops," came through for their first counter on a pretty individual dash. Beatty followed this with another, which was disallowed as offside. To make up for this, Beatty came through again almost immediately, and slipped the rubber to Paul Runge, who sagged it home for the Soop's second goal. Both teams showed some ragged playing here.

The second period started with another successful rush on the part of Beatty, who seemed to be rarin' to go the whole evening. Soon after there followed a scramble before "D.P.'s" cage. When the smoke cleared away the puck nestled safely behind the bars, giving the Superiors their fourth goal. The Soops were here making Varsity look feeble, and

the crowd razed the boys freely. The boys were decidedly off their game, and showed no signs of picking up. On a three-man rush, Graham whacked in the Soops' fifth and last counter. Here Pal and Gilly essayed a neat play, resulting in Varsity's second and last goal. This was practically the only effective combination shown by Varsity thus far. "D.P." was being called on to save from every angle, as the visitors were shooting from all over the ice.

True to form, Varsity came back strong in the final canto, but made no further gains. However, they provided a twenty-minute treat for the

(Continued on Page Six)

UNION JACKS VS. Y.M.C.A. SATURDAY

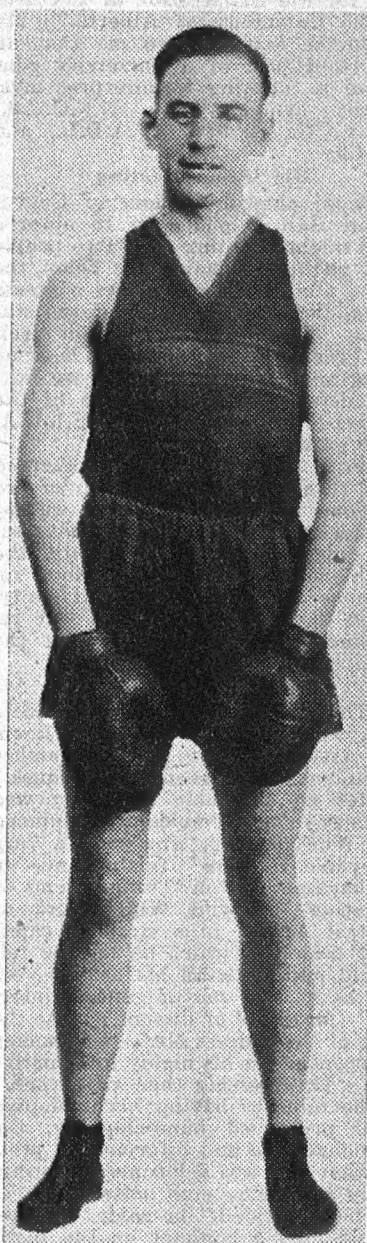
First Game of Provincial Hoop Finals in Varsity Gym at 8:30

The best men's basketball spectacle of the season will be staged in University gym on Saturday night, March 17th. The provincial champions from Raymond will be in Edmonton for the first of a series of home-and-home games with the Edmonton Y.M.C.A. Aces. The game starts at 8:30 sharp.

Despite the fact that Raymond took on three new players they have lost only one game this season. Salmon, of last year's line, is replaced by Taylor, who used to sub. Webster and Cooper, guards, are out of it, and Hague and Wolley replace them. But the old invincibles, Nalder at centre and Meldrum and Fairbanks forwards, are on the job yet, and promise to lead the "Y" guards a mean life. Lund, the other guard, has a reputation all his own too. These giants (they average six feet in height) have a high passing game that routs most teams; this, combined with a five-man defense as well as an uncanny sense of where to pass the ball, makes their team a good value for its win.

The Aces, on the other hand, have the low short passing game down to a fine point and check back well, too. So pick out the winner and then see how your judgment is sustained or otherwise. The local team has youth in its favor, as the Southerners have been playing together for years. Thus on this score alone the games promise to be a battle of opposites, and as such well worth the watching. The regular "Y" line-up will go through the game as far as possible with Ed

PUNCH KING



ERNIE LEWIS

Soak! When Ernie steps into an opponent he doesn't come out again without connecting. He proved this last year in the Varsity tournament when he outpointed a much heavier man. Later, he won the Northern Welterweight Championship from a man with several knockouts to his credit. This year Ernie proved his superiority over the same man, this time in the "open" class.

Ernie is besides, a wrestler, senior rugby man, and a good head in the more serious side of student affairs.

By present indications, Ernie will be the next secretary of men's athletics—a good choice, say we.

Johnston and George Perring ready to drop in when needed. "Big Bill" Pullishy is counted to do the bulk of the scoring, with able support from Earl Hickingbottom and Marty Martell. Caters will have to go some to get the tip-off from Nalder, but he is tall and willing, so we'll see. Maurice Richards is rounding into a senior guard and will help a lot to put Edmonton on the men's basketball map.

So who will it be? I'll see you there. Don't shout in my ear? Get off my hat! Scream, girls, scream! A famous game in a famous gym by famous teams.

And how!

SPORTING SLANTS

Well, its all over—the end has come to one of the toughest seasons sport has ever known at the U. of A.

Goodbye, Duggan Cup! Sorry to see you lose it, boys, but you certainly lacked the winning stuff this term.

As individuals, you were good—too good to work well as a team. Combination and shooting were lacking again, against the Superiors.

The defence on Tuesday was pretty good—largely owing to Bob's work. Not the first time, either, Bob! Your game has been high-grade all season.

Groves and Gardiner didn't show up so well in the series. Too bad, for they both made promising starts.

Typical remark of a student, when asked if he was going to the hockey game: "Oh, is there a game on tonight? No, I'm going to the show." Some, apparently, don't even read The Gateway—and if they do, don't show much interest in our activities. Let's hope they graduate this year.

Congratulations, Manitoba! It isn't often that a University produces an Allan Cup team. May you win in the finals, and bring further credit to yourself and us! Here's rooting for you!

Revenge indeed! At least ladies' basketball has a solid record behind it! With the defeat of Calgary, you rank second only to the Grads, in Western Canada.

Say! Here's enthusiasm! The House League, just won by Benny Richardson's team, has been the best in years, and very keenly contested. The champions could make the seniors step pretty lively!

To return to hockey—why not conduct a more extensive and careful elimination of candidates for the teams next season? There are several interfaculty players this season, who would be no slouches on the senior and intermediate lineups.

Varsity Girls Take Revenge By Defeating C.C.I. Grads

Score 28-15—Calgary Girls Unable to Keep Up With the Fast Pace—Gladys Fry Is Big Star With 20 Points

The Varsity girls have got their revenge. On Saturday evening Hubby's hoop experts romped away with a 28-15 win over Calgary C.C.I. Grads to secure ample compensation for the defeat they suffered at the hands of the same team at the close of their recent trip. Not this time were the co-eds tired from many days of travel, and they played with the practised skill of veterans. At no time in the game were their chances of success in danger. The best of the play was theirs from start to finish. Only at intervals did Calgary come into prominence, and never was it for more than a moment. The speed and superior accuracy of the Varsity ladies told every time.

Gladys Fry, our lanky centre, had her usual splendid evening. Her shots kept hitting the hoop from every spot on the floor. In four short periods she netted ten counters, and pummeled the backboard with enough others to provide a week's employment for an adding machine. She was ably supported by Ethel Barnett, the flying blonde, who played a lightning game at guard, breaking up passes and generally making things hard for Calgary, here, there and everywhere. Varsity never had a nearer little pair of hoop artists than these two.

For the C.C.I.'s, Muriel Thom and Elsie Newcombe did good work. Marg Cooper too did stellar work on the defence, and showed that she had not lost all the ability she possessed in the days when she captained the Varsity crew.

From the moment Cars Morrison tossed up the ball at centre to open the game, the co-eds took the lead. Two baskets had been chalked up for Varsity before Calgary found their footing, and retaliated with one. But Glad was not satisfied, and began a barrage of shots on the Calgary oval which netted two more, and in a moment a third. Calgary began to get excited by this time and called for time out. When play resumed, it found our Glad once more pounding away at the southerners' citadel. However, no further score resulted, and the period ended with Varsity in the lead 10-2.

In the second stanza Varsity again amassed four points before Calgary could get started. Then a little changing of lineup brought No. 13 into the fray for the southerners. Oddly enough, this seemed to turn the trick in favor of Calgary, and Marg Cooper was able to sink a couple of free throws on a foul. But that was as far as the luck went, and half-time left the score at 16-14 for the undergrads.

Tommy Palmer began the third period in fine fashion with a neat little counter. Both sides now began to adopt a very close checking game,

and play slowed up a little accordingly. When Gladys Fry began again to find the basket, Calgary once more thought it best to call a halt for rest. Coming back after the rest, Calgary made a determined effort to score, but before long Varsity had forced play to the other end. The girls went into the final frame with a substantial lead of 26-9.

But the representatives of Cow Town were not yet defeated. By a determined comeback the Calgary ladies in this one period outscored Varsity, as they had not been able to do in any other stanza. Here again close checking was the rule, but the breaks went to Calgary. The game ended with a double foul, one shot being awarded each to Calgary and Varsity. Both sharpshooters missed their mark, and the game came to a close with scoring standing 28-15 for Varsity.

The lineups follows:

Varsity—V. Palmer (4); D. Calhoun (2); M. Alexander (2); G. Fry (20); K. Esch, M. Lundy, E. Barnett; M. Morrison.

Calgary—M. Piette, M. Thom (4), E. Morton, E. Newcombe (3), E. Edmonson (3), H. Mahaffy, M. Cooper (5), H. Woodside

ERNIE LEWIS IS AGAIN CHAMPION

Lewis and Flood Represent Varsity in Northern Boxing Eliminations

In spite of the very disappointing season the Varsity Boxing and Wrestling Club has had this winter, it had two able and aspiring athletes in the Northern Alberta boxing bouts, held in Memorial Hall, Friday night, March 9th. These were Ernie Lewis, welterweight boxing champion of the U. of A., and of Northern Alberta, and W. Flood, a newcomer of promise. Both men, hard and fit from steady training under Miles Palmer, invaded the overtime eliminations intent upon showing the crowd that rah-rah boys can use their dukes to advantage.

After several bouts of mediocre merit, what promised to be the feature of the evening came to an unexpected end when Bobby Marsden, overtime entry in the welterweight division, fouled Ernie Lewis. This was all the more regrettable because the fight was between old rivals, who had fought last year in the novice class, and whose latest battle was just beginning to grow fast and very interesting.

From the beginning Lewis took the upper hand, following the policy that a strong offence is the best defence, whereas Marsden seemed content to

remain on the defensive. Ernie used a right hook to advantage in the opening round, and was leading by a comfortable margin at the bell.

Marsden opened up more in the second round and landed several times with a left lead, but was unable to do much damage. Ernie took advantage of openings and continued to pile up points. The end came during a period of hard infighting in the third round, when Marsden landed a heavy punch which was much too low. Lewis appeared willing to carry on the bout, but the referee saw fit to disqualify Marsden, and awarded the decision to Lewis. Lewis was thus winner of the open welterweight championship of Northern Alberta.

Flood vs. Anchor

Flood, although outweighed by his opponent, put up a fight which he may well be proud of. After taking rather more than his share of the punishment in the opening stanza, he came back in the second and third rounds to extend his heavier and more experienced opponent to the limit. Flood used a straight left to advantage, and it was this punch which produced a rather amusing color scheme on the features of the opposition. The Varsity lad lost the decision, but his defeat was far from a discredit to him or to Varsity.

Ernie is unable to compete in his class in the Provincial Finals to be held at Calgary, April 2nd and 3rd, owing to stress of academic work, so his opponent, Marsden, will be the representative.

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A TUCK SHOP TRAGEDY

By Hendiady

A bunch of the boys were whooping it up in the Tuck one afternoon. And Harold, who handles the money-box, was playing his favorite tune. Back at a table, sipping tea, sat the dangerous man, R.U., and opposite him was his lady-love, the lady they call Gil Hoo.

Then out of the night, with his nose aglow, perhaps from sniffing the air, there stumbled a stude who had twitting been, with an abstract and mystified air.

He looked like a man who had flunked in a test, or a woman who's scared of a mouse.

Yet he swaggered his way to the bar with a leer, and leisurely scanned the house.

He couldn't detect a vacant place, though he searched the room for a pew.

So he ambled across to the magazine rack, to scan a crude picture or two.

There are pictures that somehow just grip your eye, and hold it like a spell.

But not so tonight, all the good ones were sold, and he sullenly murmured, "Oh, hell!"

His eyes went rubbering round the room, and he seemed in a sort of daze.

Till the shooting contraption fell in the way of his vaguely wandering gaze.

The Harold gink was having a drink, there was no one else at the toy, so the stranger made for the gaudy machine and eyed it with idiot joy.

In a gay sweat-shirt begrimed with dirt he looked like a dumb sort of brute.

But he clutched the butt with his talon hands—"My God, but that man could shoot!"

Though cent after cent in wild glee he spent in his efforts to run up a score.

The saturnine laughs of the gathering crowd encouraged him only the more.

Yet he clung like a leech to the recoiling breech, and his eyes were hard and cold.

He pumped away damn near a dime in his zeal, as if he had wealth untold—

While over his head, excited and red, the onlookers bet on his aim;

And you've a hunch what that bet-

ting meant—a night at the Mac with a dame.

Then on a sudden he ran out of change—cursed softly—you scarce could hear.

But you could guess by his look that his pocket was robbed of all that he once held dear.

'Twas the piercing look of a heart's despair and it thrilled you through and through.

And—"I guess I'll have some pie à la mode," said the dangerous man, R.U.

The sound of the crowd most died away, then burst like a pent-up flood.

For Harold was yelling, "By dam, you'll pay!"—and his eye was red with blood.

And R.U. thought of an ancient debt, and pondered his lack of cash.

He muttered thickly, "The bill! The bill!" and thought of making a dash.

Then the stranger turned, and his eyes they burned in a most peculiar way.

His gay sweat-shirt that was grimed with dirt heaved as we heard him say,

"Boys, by Jee, you all know me, yet none of you give a damn, I'm Pete Lessard and I know I'm hard, but I never cheat old Sam. And I want to state in a way that's straight, and I don't mind telling you

That one of you is a hound of hell, and that guy is R.U."

Then I ducked my head and the lights went out—two cents clinked in the dark.

The gun was torn loose from the shooting machine—five buck-shots sped to their mark.

The lights came on, and a woman screamed. We looked for our friend R.U.,

But he had fled with his unpaid cheque—and the lady they call Gil Hoo.

But poor Harold lay like a lump of clay with his moustache out of twirl.

While picking the lead from his curly head was the cinnamon-juggling girl.

Dissertation On The Eating Of Mince Pie

By Dagonet

There is an affinity between Math., Latin and mince pie; but it requires a strong dose of all three during the same evening to appreciate it. The other night, I turned over a new leaf and started to study! Perhaps it was because I wasn't used to it; I don't know, but about 11:30 I was hungry and sampled, not wisely but too well, the third ingredient, then retired.

Soon a knock sounded at the door. "Come on," I managed to groan, and in walked two figures; one was small and wizened, the other tall and thin. "Who are you?" I cried. "What do you want?"

The small figure approached me, and said in a sepulchral voice, "I am the shade of Einstein."

I was thrilled, "Ah!" I said. "Will you explain to me your theory. I've been wrestling with it all evening."

"Hush," he said. "It's a secret, but I will explain it. The fourth

"The Little House Over The Hill"

(Special cable to The Gateway in association with the P.P.A. Press Service Inc. Copyright. Pat. pend. July 40th, 1901-2-3-4, etc.)

HICKTON, O.K., Feb. 31st.—There are very few who realize that Simian Selfmad, the existing President of Sumwhairner, rose to his present exalted position from the humble environs of a pig-pen—and fewer still appreciate the fact that this great figure (five-foot two in blue silk auto-knit) still seeks the seclusion of his simple country home when the affairs of state become too much for him. Yet it is here—far from the seething city night-life—that President Selfmad, leader of a great Republic, periodically renews the vigor of his youth.

He is an early riser, never leaving his humble cot later than 10:32 a.m. or thereabouts. He then performs, in company with his faithful hound, Hotdog, the latest "Daily Dozen" prescribed by Doctor Foolum, of the P.D.Q. Service Inc. This comes to him by private wire, and to the regular practice of these exercises he attributes most of the vim and vigor which make him young at twenty-five, and the chosen of his people.

Selfmad House itself—the President's residence and scene of this story—is of almost indescribable beauty, lying as it does in the heart of the Hickton mining district. Behind, rising in colossal splendour, is the famous Derrick of the old Bubble Oil Company—a relic of pioneer days, which of late years has been carefully renovated and restored through the generosity of the president.

The garden below has been laid out in a simple summer lawn dotted with dandelions, which, as Blissful Calm, the poet, has so aptly said, "Reflect the jovial brightness of the President's well soaped face." Passing up the lawn, or rather down the lawn, we come to the sunny residence itself—a modest, unpretentious structure of Carrara Marble with poplar-wood stockade.

Crawling through the little postern gate, we find ourselves in the more immediate precincts of the Selfmad Mansion. And right away, almost at once, we notice those little signs which spell the existence of a real "home"—initials, cut boldly and irregularly in the porch railing by "the boys," as Selfmad affectionately calls his two young sons, and large scars and scratches in the paintwork marking the places of the owner's bed in summertime. The President is essentially an outdoor man.

It was with some diffidence that we rang the electric bell, for, standing right there on the threshold, that awe, with which a grateful people always surround their leader, was forcibly borne in upon us. Fortunately we had an appointment, and

dimension is——"

Before he could proceed further, the other figure pushed forward. "Listen to me," he said. "Who are you?" I asked. "Ha, ha," he replied. "I am the ghost of the Unprincipled Parts."

"What do you want with me?" I asked alarmed. "I've done nothing wrong."

Again he laughed. "Nothing wrong," he exclaimed. "You dare to confound the Fourth Dimension with the Passive Voice?"

"Look," broke in the shade of Einstein, "a point in space, with no dimensions." He plucked from the air a point, and taking it between his fingers pulled it apart.

"A line," he said, "a line; it now has one dimension. Feel it."

He lunged at me with his mono-dimensional line; and I groaned with pain.

"Merely the past participle," said the other ghost.

"Do not interrupt me," said Einstein, and taking his line he unrolled it as one would unroll a window shade.

"Behold," he said, "the second dimension!"

"A periphrastic construction," sighed the Latin shade. "It has no pluperfect."

"Again," said Einstein, ignoring the other, "look!" He blew upon it. "The third dimension!" and he tossed it to me. A cubical body as heavy as lead landed with a dull thud upon my chest.

"Don't believe him," said the Latin ghost. "It's a deponent verb; several parts are missing."

"Now, we'll do it again," said the other clapping his hands.

"But where is the Fourth dimension?" I managed to ask.

"Ah!" he said, "that's the secret. We have to integrate the square root of infinity and divide it by the absolute zero."

"Ablative absolute," whispered his friend, to me.

"But," I said, "they told us in Math. 1 that you can't divide by zero."

"Look, I'll show you," he cried, and producing from his pocket a monstrous zero, he carefully sharpened it on his sleeve.

As he approached me, I lost consciousness, and as I was sinking into insensibility, I heard faintly through the haze a mocking voice, "The future is imperfect," just as I woke up.

Undergraduate indifference has led the Princeton University student council to recommend discontinuance of the present community chest plan for supporting student enterprises on and off the campus. At the same time letters have been sent to parents, explaining the situation and asking them to meet the deficit. Princeton, like other universities, adopted the chest plan to protect the students from the annual flock of drives on their finances. However, the students have failed to rally to the plan of lump-giving, and the old single drive plan once more is in order.

THE GREATEST GAME

By Lerov

Some years ago, a young man was sitting alone in a deep chair in a well-known London chess club. His mood was akin to despair. The dark night and the monotonous drizzle of the rain outside were fitting expressions of a soul which was plumbing the depths of despair.

His eyes were fixed on a spot above the fire-place, where facing the young man, there hung a famous painting. It depicted the end of a game of chess in which the Devil had played a man for his soul—and won. The Devil sat leering at his opponent, who had made his last move, and, hopelessly cornered, had buried his face in his hands. The few remaining pieces on the board indicated that the game was lost.

Suddenly, from the secluded depths of an easy-chair, a calm voice startled the Young Man from his preoccupation. Looking aside, he saw the figure of England's greatest chess player, who, all unnoticed, had been intently regarding the troubled face of the youth. With an understanding, almost tender, look in his eyes, the Famous Chess Player asked, "Why do you find that picture so interesting?"

"Because it's so hopeless," replied the Youth. "He's like me. He hasn't a chance—he can't win . . . now." Gaining confidence under the spell of the older man's understanding sympathy, he began to tell his story. As he spoke the Great Chess Player opened a chess board, and glancing from time to time at the painting, he carefully arranged the pieces on the board exactly as they were represented in the picture.

The story ended—the same old story. The Youth was sinking again into despair. "You see," he said, "there's no way out . . ."

"Lespair, my friend," was the Famous Chess Player's only response. Then, indicating the arranged pieces in front of him—"There is the Devil's check-mate." The young man directed his attention to the chess board, the Player made a few deft moves—and the positions of the pieces were completely reversed. The Devil was cornered. The Youth had won the game.

De Freshman Raccaption

By N.

"Mumma! Puppa! We want meelk!"

"Sh, Fraddie dollink, de eenitiation is pest end done weeth."

"Mebbe, Halan swithott, bot de Freshmen Dence weel gonna tek pless tumurrow night. Is decidet I should tek you?"

"Yi, yi yi yi! Hm-m. Wal, wot kind from paddy is it gonna wuz?"

"Dunt esk! De preparations is a sickrit yat, bot some frum be boyiss wuz talling me dat diss dence weel gonna be by oss luts frum fun, mit dencing mit itting mit playing jocks on de frands! Bot to etand diss paddy Frashattes and Frashmen moss pay de fizz wot deir seegnatures moss by de Frashmen Axactive be OKMNX."

"Is ped yurr fizz, Fraddie?"

"Heh heh. Esk Jeck Egnew. Wot he wants to dence mit you."

"Dunt keedme me, Fraddie. I tutt anginirrs hed brens."

"End so dey hev. Deednt' you see in de Getway lest wick onder 'Nuts Frum Udder U's' det a Quin's University Prufassor stets 'Entalligence high emung anginirrs'?"

"Yas. Bot ramamber, Fraddie, Quin's University likes a jock jost es wal es diss eenstitution."

"Dunt, plizz, you should tizzing me. You Hushhold Ackenmic students should rascap oss."

"Hull right, Fraddie dollink. I've

decidet wot I'll accompany by you to de dence. Eef you'll gredually by me do de fevor, mek out my dence prugrem."

"Eet's been feeled in furr two wicks, Halan, odder eet would be too let to do eet now."

"Is nize you should do soch bafore asking I should go mit you."

"Wal, de boyiss wuz so igger to dence wid de bast frum de Frashattes det—"

"Yi yi yi yi. Cumplemants yat! Heh heh. Is nize boy, Fraddie. I'll gonna go."

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SECOND PLAYOFF 22 TO 22 TIE

Richardson's Team House Basketball Champs—Defeated Manning's Squad in Finals

Last night in the Upper Gym the winning team for this year's House League basketball was decided, when Bennie Richardson's team met Ted Manning's team in the second of the two game finals. The game ended in a draw, 22 to 22, Bennie's gang thus maintaining the nineteen point lead which they piled up on Monday afternoon.

Manning's team fought hard all the next period to lower the lead which had been made on Monday. Jim Bentley, of Manning's team, was high scorer of the evening, netting six

baskets. Bennie's point-getter, Reg Burnard, accounted for five tallies. Fred Russell also accounted for several, as usual, and played his usual dependable game at center. Ken Jamieson, as center for Manning, also played a good game. The final score indicates how the two teams shared the play.

COMMITTEE TO BE ELECTED TO REPORT ON STUDENT GOV'T

(Continued from Page One)

be put to a vote without further delay. A rather violent discussion ensued, after which Mr. Fisher's motion was put to a vote. Three counts were necessary, and the third being a tie, the chairman cast his vote in favor of the motion. The chairman then rose to put Mr. MacDonald's motion to a vote, but was forestalled by J. C. Marshall, who, explaining his disgust at the alleged unfair tactics resorted to by the supporters of Mr. Fisher's motion, moved that the meeting adjourn. After some discussion, the motion to adjourn was defeated by about 50 votes. Mr. MacDonald's motion was then voted on, and defeated by about 25 votes.

The meeting being thrown open for new business, Bob Hill moved: "That a committee of five students be elected to bring in a report on a system of student government." A member then moved: "That Mr. Hill's motion be put," but withdrew it before it could be seconded. An amendment was then introduced that the words "Whereas the Students' Union is dissatisfied with the present form of student government" be prefaced to Mr. Hill's motion. Another motion to adjourn was injected around this time, but was ruled out of order. The amendment to Mr. Hill's motion was then carried by about 20 votes. Another motion to adjourn was then introduced, and defeated by about 105 to 5.

A motion was then introduced—"That the committee be elected by this meeting and consist of the following—D. J. W. Oke, S. T. Fisher, R. C. Hamilton, S. G. MacDonald and D. P. McDonald." The women members of the Union rose up in arms at the fact of a woman student not being included, and Ronald Martland finally poured oil on the troubled waters by moving an amendment, which was carried by a large majority—"That the members of this committee be nominated in the same manner as the candidates for the Students' Council and that they be elected at the same time."

The meeting then adjourned.

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PECULIAR BELIEFS IN 12TH CENTURY

Mr. J. F. Day Says Mediaeval Beliefs Not to Be Despised by Moderns

A meeting of the Philosophical Society for this session was held yesterday afternoon in Med 142. As this was the last members' meeting during the session 1927-28, a short time was occupied in business of the society. After this an address was given by Mr. J. Friend Day on "Some Concepts Current in the 12th Century."

The first part of the business was the reading of a report by the Secretary-Treasurer, Miss M. H. Gold, on the membership and finances of the society, both of which are better than in former years. The list of nominations of the officers for the coming session was then read, and a motion was passed to the effect that the students' fees be kept at the same reduced rate of twenty-five cents.

The address by Mr. Day, although on the general subject of 12th century concepts, dealt particularly with Alexander Neckham, born on the same day as Richard II, was the latter's foster-brother, but, though he spent much of his younger life with him, later passed a far more peaceful one. His main work, "De Naturis Rerum," is the first encyclopedia in the English tongue, and contains the first references to many familiar objects of the present day, such as silkworms, glass mirrors and chess.

VARSIITY LOSES DUGGAN CUP TO SUPERIORS

(Continued from Page 4)

crowd, who cheered lustily. Fast skating, checking, and greatly improved combination featured this period, which was packed with thrills. Pal Powers played most of the twenty minutes as Gardiner was decidedly off his form. Prittie played a good defensive game, and Pal tirelessly carried the puck to the Soops. Beatty and Graham starred for the visitors all through. Pal and Jenkins went to the cooler when they tried to mix it, after Pal bodied Jenkins.

Tuesday night brought the Duggan Cup series to a finish with a spasmotic, but on the whole rather slow game between Varsity and the Superiors. As usual, McDonald's work in the goal was one of the high lights of the game. Varsity's individual work was good, but the passes went astray a good part of the time because the forwards didn't know whether they had two men down or three.

Nothing very exciting happened in the first period. Both sides had shots on goal, "D.P." being forced to save a rebound taken by Jenkins, while he was still out of the net. Half-way through the period Paul Runge scored in a shot from just inside the blue line, after working past the forwards all alone. Pal Power and Fat Morris were working hard, and managed to get in close several times, but just couldn't seem to get their shots away.

The first half of the second period was listless, but things livened a bit when first Jenkins and then Paul Runge got in some close range shots. Paul hit the goal-post with only the goalie to beat. Paul had Varsity worried several times this period. Varsity only got close enough to cause the Soops any worry once.

The third period was a repetition of the others, with the Soops working in again, Prittie and Knight blocking a man, and "D.P." saving the shot. With almost two minutes to go, the Soops' left Varsity forwards behind, and three men had only Cooper to beat. Coops hooked their pass and headed down the ice. He lost the puck, but Power grabbed it and snapped it back to him. Coops was right in the goal mouth, and Hoyle had no chance to save. Loud cheers from the Varsity supporters (all six of them). The bell ended the game with the score one all.

RUGBY SCHEDULE SAME AS BEFORE

(Continued from Page Four)

eral satisfaction with the course of events in the past, the original slate of officers was reinstated for its second term.

This slate includes:
Honorary Presidents—Drs. Tory, Murray and McLean.
President—Professor E. A. Hardy, U. of S.
Vice-President—W. A. Kennedy, U. of M.
Secretary-Treasurer: Professor W. K. Gordon, U. of A.

Upon turning to the schedule, its consideration resulted in the adoption of the same schedule as in 1927, for 1928. This is as follows:

Oct. 6—Sask. at Alta.
Oct. 13—Man. at Sask.
Oct. 20—Sask. at Man.
Oct. 27—Man. at Alta.
Nov. 10—Alta. at Sask.
Nov. 12—Alta. at Man.

Referees Chosen
The rugby referees were then elected, those for Alberta being Carson Morrison, Moe Lieberman, and "Red" McColl. A vote of thanks was made to Professor Hardy for the cup which falls to the winner of the league—his gift to the newly-formed Union.

Track Meet on Thirteenth
At this conference it was also decided to hold the annual Intersarsity Track Meet at Winnipeg on October 13th next. With schedules and details arranged, thus carefully and far ahead of time, Alberta can begin to measure her chances in the coming league, and begin early in the summer to keep in touch with her players by means of training letters, etc. The short time between the re-opening of Varsity and the first game should be noted by players, and a good slice of condition acquired before coming back. This may well apply to track men and women, also. Further developments will appear next week.

ASKIN AND HILL CONTESTING STUDENTS' UNION PRESIDENCY

(Continued from Page One)

FOR PRESIDENT OF THE LIT. SIDNEY T. FISHER, Sci '29

The President of the Lit must possess several qualifications—knowledge of literary and Students' Union affairs, personal ability, driving force, ability to get work done. All of these S.T. has in no small degree.

He has seen student government function, as the holder of numerous high school student offices, and as an executive member of the Debating Society. We have the parliamentary system of debates here now as the result of his hard work and powers of persuasion, which secured a trial for a plan which has since abundantly justified Sid's judgment.

As to his debating ability, little need be said here. As a member of the team representing Science in the Interfaculty League last year, he went through to the finals. He was on the intersarsity team which met Saskatchewan last year, and with Bob Hill, defeated British Columbia this year. More recently, he was a member of the Alberta team in the Maritime debate, which might be said to have brought a great deal of credit to both sides. His voice has lately been heard with good effect in the Students' Union, and the parliamentary debates have not been overlooked.

There is another gentleman of the same name here or whereabouts who finds a lot of things "perfectly obvious." Let us point out here that Sid is "the other twin."

What do you want in a President of the Literary Society—brains, energy, ability, enthusiasm? If you do, Sid is the man.

ELSIE YOUNG, Arts '29
The President of the Literary Association must above all qualities have those of energy and originality. These qualities, however, must be coupled with sound executive ability.

Elsie Young, a candidate for the office of President of the Lit, possesses the qualities necessary for successful administration of this office. Her work as a member of The Gateway staff and as a member of the Women's House Committee has been a distinct contribution to student affairs. She has an abundance of energy, and is ever ready with an original suggestion.

With either Priestly or Jones as Secretary of the Lit and Elsie as President, a successful year is assured.

FOR SECRETARY OF THE LIT. EMRYS M. JONES, Arts '30

E. M. Jones, or Casey, as he is familiarly known, brings to student government refreshing, unprejudiced opinions. His newspaper and literary work in larger spheres gives that toleration and judgment only gained through wider experience.

The candidature of Casey for the office of Secretary of the Literary Association means that he is placing his time and experience at the disposal of the Students' Union. Whether or not the students will take advantage of the service of a man of this calibre rests with the electorate.

As his interests lie chiefly in this field, Jones' co-operation can always be counted on whether as members of the executive or not, though as a member of the executive, in the capacity of Secretary he would be given a large scope in which to make valuable contributions both to the Literary Association and the Students' Council.

FRANCIS E. L. PRIESTLEY, Arts '30

The name Francis Ethelbert Louis Priestley is sufficient reason for the handle "Felp" being attached to one who is undoubtedly a credit to the Freshman class in both Dramatic and Literary activities, and the ideal man for Secretary of the Literary Association.

If it is a man's past that determines his future, Felp as Secretary of the Lit should be unsurpassed.

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ance in Northampton, England, in 1905, he came to Lethbridge in 1919, and in Hanna as Vice-Principal of the High School, and in many other points in the province his literary activities have been felt.

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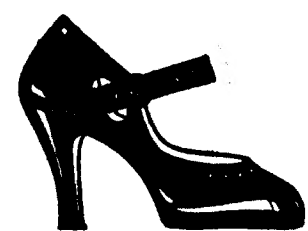
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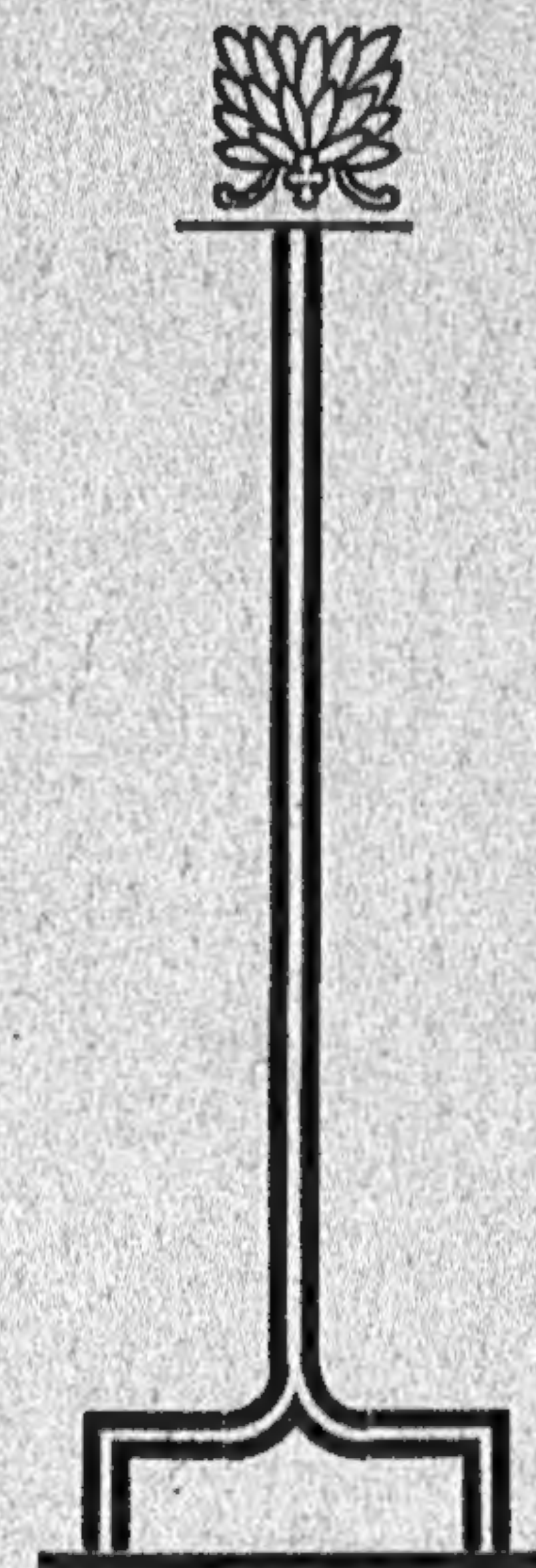
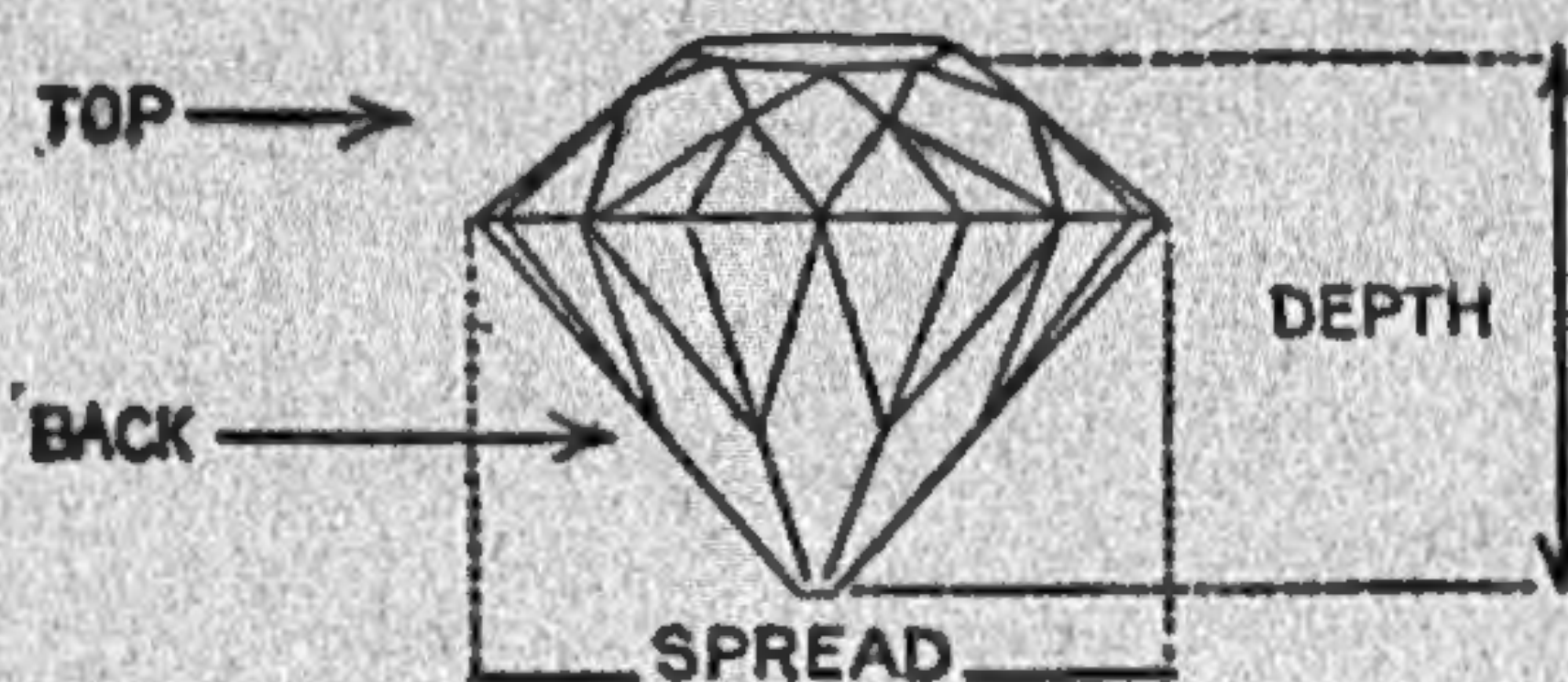
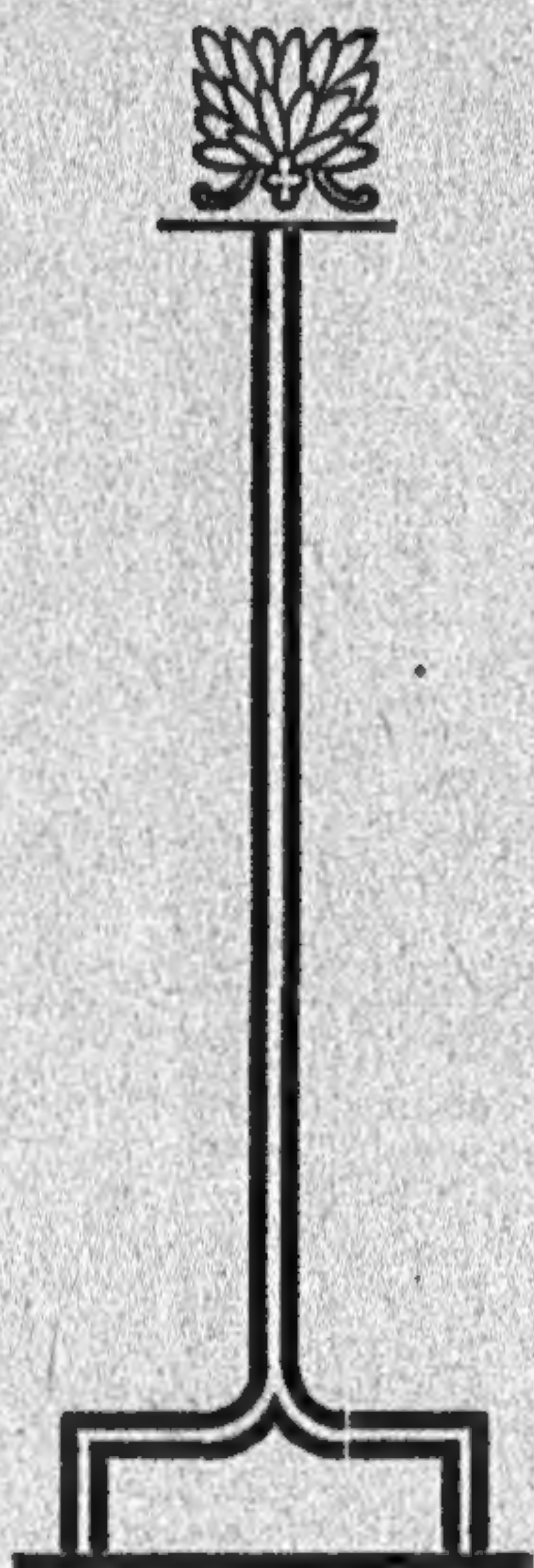
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Literary Supplement

The Gateway



Nineteen Hundred and Twenty Eight



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Editorial

The New York Times recently called attention to the fact that the class of '28 had produced many notable writers—1628, Bunyan; 1728, Goldsmith; 1828, George Meredith, Tolstoy, and Ibsen.

And in 1928—? Too bad so many of our contributors have insisted that their work should be published anonymously. Who knows but that in the next century will be celebrated the anniversary of one or more of the writers whose early work appears here?

By the small amount of material received, we judge that the students, so absorbed in activities of government and sport, have had little time to devote to the Muses. Accordingly we asked, and received, assistance from two or three recent graduates. Once more, we say, we are sorry so many of the writers refuse to have their names divulged to the public. We are sure you would be interested in knowing something about these authors. However, there's nothing to keep you from guessing. Tracing connections between initials, nom-de-plumes, and people is always an interesting indoor sport.

It is with the conviction that there is "good stuff" herein, that we submit to you this third annual Literary Supplement of The Gateway.



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Literary Supplement

Published by The Gateway, University of Alberta

Editor: Mollie Grant.

Associate Editor: Emily Horricks.

NIGHT

Jazz music and raucous drunken laughter
Stain the face of the silent night.
The Pole star droops his eye,
The Great Bear turns and growls.
Poised on the tip of a giant ebony fir
The ivory moon almost loses her balance.
Little furry creatures in their nests
Squirm and whimper,
Whimper and cry,
And all the sylvan rout of Pan
Sit huddled in a grove and stop their ears,
And utter quaint and awful Bacchic curses,
Upon the raucous jazz and tipsy laughter.

—D.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE DICTIONARY?

By W. Beach

Ever since the days of Ancient Greece, there has been something wrong with the English dictionary. We will admit that the old book is useful, for instance, for elevating the baby when the high-chair is too low, or for serving as a weight to assist home-made paste in gluing Valentine cards. But, just the same, the dictionary has one big fault. It's not half human enough. Why doesn't some enterprising person publish a dictionary which will give definitions that mean something?

As an example, let us see how our Webster defines that well-known commodity commonly referred to as jelly. We learn that jelly is "a food preparation having a characteristic soft, somewhat elastic, homogeneous consistency." What a soulless, dry-as-dust thing to say about jelly! Every child should be taught that jelly is a nervous, excitable food that falls all over itself when it tries to go anywhere without its glass. It's all right so long as it sits still and keeps its lid on, but the minute you turn it loose in a dish it goes limp and wobbly. Nine times out of ten it will collapse and cut its own head on the edge of the bowl. But jelly's all right if you understand it. It's just fruit without a backbone. Jelly is weak and timid, and should never be made to ride on a knife. But put it aboard a spoon where it can lie down and be comfortable, and it will go anywhere quietly.

Now wouldn't a dictionary be more human if it told us such intimate facts?

The ostrich is another living illustration of the hard-boiled dictionary. Is an ostrich merely "a ratite bird of the genus *struthio*"? Certainly not! Is he not the biggest fool bird ever invented? We should be told that hardware store means restaurant to the ostrich, and that his idea of a rich meal is

a twenty-dollar gold piece. Why are these facts kept out of our dictionary?

The lexicon on the table defines ice as merely "frozen water." Why, that's absurd! Ice is one of the cold, hard facts of life that we are continually bumping into; and one of the few things in the world that is what it's cracked up to be. Ice was invented to keep our rivers and lakes from freezing to death. Ice rides around in big wagons and has a good time; then when it gets tired of life it just melts and runs away.

But the dictionary is stupidly silent with reference to these important factors concerning ice.

Last week I was searching for the proper definition of bath-tub. All my dictionary said was "a tub to bathe in." I could do better than that myself! Everyone knows that a bath-tub is one of the slickest things we come into contact with in life. Even the best of us can't stick to one of them. They offer absolutely no toe, hip, elbow, shoulder or knee hold anywhere. You just naturally must slip. What this country needs more than improved wheat grading is not subsidized coal rates, nor military preparedness, but good, honest, rough bath-tubs.

All of us eat macaroni; but not the kind referred to in the dictionary. The good book merely says "a paste, composed of wheat flour dried in the form of slender tubes." How inadequate! We know, in a general way, that macaroni is sent out from the factory looking very naked and pale, and that it comes to the table wearing cheese. But what about the holes in it? Are they set up in rows and the macaroni wrapped around them? Or are they bored while the young macaroni is still unable to defend itself? But what's in macaroni? There's rubber of course. But what else? If someone should stop us as a seven-inch piece were slithering down our throat and ask us if we knew what we were swallowing, we could only mutter "macaroni." And the dictionary doesn't help us a bit.

Yes, sir! The dictionary let's us down badly. It never mentions that grapefruit is the squintiest of all foods, nor that a signature is something a business man writes at the end of a letter so nobody will know whom it's from. The dictionary says a minute is sixty seconds. But every woman disproves such a definition every day. How can anyone defend such a book? A drug store is a place where you buy face-powder, candies, writing paper, quick lunches, and anything else but drugs, but the dictionary doesn't say so.

A great opportunity awaits the man of great honesty and soul who will get out flat-footedly with a real dictionary; one which will not hesitate to call a raisin a worn-out grape.

WHAT THE NORTH WIND SAW

By Insan

ACT I.

(The scene is a typical Eskimo village with Eskimos in it. The inhabitants are sitting peacefully in the shadows of their igloos, taking advantage of a temporary cool spell while the northern sun is behind a nearby mountain. There is a lot of snow and ice about.)

(Enter a character mounted on a dromedary. He is cleverly disguised, but evidently is a poet.)

Poet: The iridescent brightness of it all,—

The infinite sad whiteness of it all,

Ah! here at length my fal't'ring footfalls cease,

And here my wandering trail at length brings—

A thousand pardons, lion-hearted pal! My faltering footfalls, my wandering trail! and your tired legs have supported the two of us these weary miles! Where is my sense of justice! Still, my dear friend, it is more reasonable that you should support the two of us than it is that I should. God gave you four legs—hind legs and fore legs in fact, but I must be content with two. On the other hand, it is probable that your weight considerably exceeds my own, and your two extra legs are a special providential dispensation granted in generous consideration of that gravitational preponderancy. But it was very, very wrong of me to complain, Persephone. I haste to concede that your share in the venture has been far greater than mine. But none the less, Persephone, that was a rather good line, don't you think?

"Ah, here at length my faltering footfalls cease"—the alliterative effect, I mean. Those explosive "f's" suggest the weary sound of my (I beg your pardon) your tired feet striking the hard ground in monotonous rhythm. I say! This is better yet. That line will be immortal." Listen! "Ah, finally my faltering foot-falls cease." Hear that Persephone! (A pause.) Yes, I knew you could recognize the divine music of poetry when you heard it. But summon your dignity. Yonder the Mayor and corporation are evidently awaiting an interview.

(Still mounted on his steed the poet approaches a group of Eskimos on the thoroughfare.)

Poet: Oh, happy land of Eskimos,

Inhabiting the Northern snows,

In strong though cold security,

Can you do aught to succor me?

A poet am I from the South,

A singer of th' eternal truth,

(Quit that kicking, Persephone, that rhymes all right.)

And all I seek is food and shelter

And one small blaze whereby to melt our—

(Here the aesthetical dromedary bucks off its rider. The poet lies on the ice unconscious. Three

or four silent Eskimos silently carry him into a nearby igloo silently.)

(The curtain falls silently.)

ACT II.

(The same scene two weeks later. The poet is reclining on a seal-skin beside one of the igloos. The Eskimos are loitering around very much as we saw them in the first act. The dromedary is coolly watching the poet as if in anticipation of something. The audience also is thrilled with the expectancy of some great disclosure. Then it is closed.

Poet: You! Speak! Speech from the lips of a dromedary! The vocal chords of a dromedary vibrated into an actual semblance of intelligent human speech! I—why—my hat, you're a smart camel. Talk some more!

Drom. (with a pronounced Southern accent): I'm not a camel, but I propose to talk some more. I'm hungry. Because I can go without water doesn't mean that I can go without some food. Even the Sphinx would be provoked to speech at your inhumanity. Even—

Poet: But the Sphinx doesn't talk, and he's gone without food longer than you have.

Drom.: None of your childish impertinence. Get me something to eat! Snap into it!

(The poet makes a frantic dash for a nearby igloo hut. Midway his ear is arrested by a weird noise back stage. The dromedary doth incline his ear also.)

Drom.: My word!

Poet: Ah!

Drom.: Upon my soul!

(The poet is tempted to observe that modern philosophy denies the dromedary a soul, but in discretion he says once more "Ah!" Meanwhile the noise grows louder and louder.)

Poet: What hideous discord now affrights my ear.

What machination of Satanic power

That thus profanes the Northern heavens clear,

And makes the timid walrus to cower.

More fearful yet the frightful clamour grows,

Less terribly the Menotaurus roared

In ancient Crete, in challenge to his foes.

But here we are. My gad, it's just a Ford.

(That's what it is all right, but it's no ordinary Ford. It staggers to centre stage and stops with a jerk. But right up to the end of the scene (not far distant, my friends) it suffers spasmodic shivers and emits vague grumbling indicative of internal disorder. The back seat is laden with an assortment of laboratory equipment, personal properties, scattered notes, a small howitzer, ropes, pulleys, spectrosopes, galvanometer, galvanoscope, galvanographs, galvanophones, marimbaphones and camping apparatus—a confused heterogeneity of miscellaneous trifles that defies description. The front seat is even more interesting. For out of it is about to emerge the senior professor of Mathematics of the University of South-Western Roregon. He looks

like a professor, but he has an intelligent gleam in his eye. He is about to speak, so I will be silent.)

Prof.: I beg your pardon, sir, but are you familiar with the topography of this district? Good. Can you direct me, then, to the North Pole?

Poet (very wittily): What's the idea? Want to see Santa Claus?

Prof. (ignoring his query): I am a professor of mathematics. Through forty years of research I have studied the question of the world's climate in relation to its position in the universe. Last month I tabulated my findings, and now I am ready for the final step—the practical application.

Poet: How?

Prof.: By effecting an axial readjustment. You see—but, perhaps, I had better start at the beginning. You should be aware that the unequal nature of the climate on this sphere is largely explained by the oblique pitch of the axes of the earth. At certain periods the light of the sun beats down upon us from the zenith. At other times the sun is far to the south and its slanting rays do not warm the world so much. Thus we have winter and summer. My proposal is simply this—

Poet: Go on (fascinated).

Prof.: To administer to the earth a terrific blow.

Poet: "Earth's mighty bulk to wrench with fiercest shock,

To tear it from its roots of during rock."

Drom.: Shut up! Yes (to Prof.).

Prof.: To administer to the earth a terrific blow to make its axes perpendicular and thereby ensure an even climate of sunlight for the northern hemisphere. As for the south (he shrugs his shoulders),—the south is just the south.

Poet: And Sol shall pour his golden stream on all

And sundry; be it Summer, Winter, Fall.

Prof.: Yes, you see, the perpendicular axes—

Poet: Just as I said.

Drom.: You said nothing of the kind. Let this learned man speak.

Prof. (noticing it for the first time): But you—speaking—human speech from a camel—!

Drom.: Dromedary. How do you propose to straighten the axes.

Prof.: You're—you're using human speech. How—how did you learn it?

Drom.: I owe it all to my mother. Go on.

Prof.: Your mother! Was—was she a camel too?

Drom.: Dromedary. Go on with your exposition.

Prof.: Oh, certainly, but I don't understand. This howitzer is the most powerful ever created. Loaded with lyddite and energitite (my own product) it has a force of almost a million kaleidoscopic tons. This terrible engine I propose to discharge against your mountain of rock.

Drom.: What if the force were too great—

Prof.: I have calculated to the seventeenth decimal point.

Drom.: I see. Very interesting.

Prof.: It is my sincere belief that I am performing a service for humanity the like of which—

Drom.: It won't work.

Prof.: Won't work! A mere camel daring to insult the greatest brain of—

Drom.: Dromedary. I'll tell you why. If you want to move a big rock, do you climb up on top and tug from above? Of course not. . . You bend down underneath one side and force it up that way. I never heard of the University of South Western Roregon, but I figure that you came about 3,000 miles out of your way. You should be down underneath. In Madagascar, say.

Prof.: But still—

Drom.: But still what?

Prof.: Still—

Drom.: Yes?

Prof.: I don't know.

Drom.: But I'm telling you.

Prof.: But you're just a—

Drom.: Dromedary.

Prof.: I must think about this. (He moves apart and sits down.)

(Curtain)

ACT III.

(The same scene. The characters are in the same positions, but there is a new figure on the stage. He is dressed in the uniform of Sergeant of the Royal North-West Mounted Police. He is speaking.)

Sergt. (to Prof.): Now, sir, be brief, sir. Who are you, sir, if I might be bold enough to ask?

Prof.: I am busy—thinking—go away.

Sergt.: Thinking! Yes, Mr. Two-Gun Spotsy, I would humbly suggest that you have reason for to think, here and now. Eh, Spotsy?

Prof.: Take this person away.

(But there is no necessity to take him away. At that moment he discovers the dromedary enjoying a worthy meal from his government-purchased provender. In fact, he has finished, and is licking his lips.)

Sergt.: Hey, Spotsy, call your camel off. Quick!

(This is too much for the insulted dromedary. He creeps up on his knees behind the Sergeant, grabs his honourable tunic between his teeth and shakes the unfortunate policeman most violently, and as he shakes he speaks.)

Drom.: I'll camel you, you fat-paunched, thin-shanked Red Indian; you white-livered, black-faced Ethiop, you yellow Greenlander, you fancy-plumed, fair-bedecked, thin-witted peacock. I'll camel you.

Sergt.: I arrest you—

Drom.: You rest right where you are, you impudent—

Sergt.: Do you know who I am?

Drom.: Yes, yes, you're the Mounted Policeman who always gets his man—and always forgets his manacles.

Sergt.: My manacles! They are here at my belt—no—they're on my sleigh.

Drom.: No, they're not. I just swallowed them.

Sergt.: You swallowed them—today of all days! Why, there's Two-Gun Spotsy.

Drom.: Look here, Mr. Policeman, that learned savant is no more Two-Gun Spotsy than I am. He is a servant of humanity on a special government mission, the details of which I am not at present at liberty to announce. He is the most pious man I ever met; he goes to church twice on Sunday, he is Superintendent of the Sunday School, he is the Honorary President of the Young Women's Thana-topsis Society, the most righteous man north of the 49th parallel. And you revile him with a false imputation of crime and roguery!

Sergt.: I guess I made a mistake. But who's the other fellow?

Drom.: Oh, he says he's a poet.

Sergt. (going over to the poet): Say, might I take the liberty to ask you who you might be and what might be your occupation?

Poet: A singer and a seer and a lover
Of beauty, and th' eternal quest of it.
A seer, peering dimly to discover
A sublimation for the best of it.
A seeker for the fleeting mists that hover
On beauty, just to weave a dress of it.
For what is drab and gray,
So by God's will, some day
A magic beauty may
Pervade, with her sweet scent, the rest
of it.

Sergt. (makes no reply until he returns to the camel—beg pardon, the dromedary—then): Yes, that's what he is; he's a poet all right. What do you think I had better do?

Drom.: You ask a camel for advice?

Sergt.: No, I ask a dromedary, which is an entirely different matter.

(The Dromedary bends his graceful neck in a profoundly handsome bow. But further courtesies are cut short. The Professor is arisen.)

Prof. (to the Drom.): My friend, I pay homage to thy wisdom. You have the mathematician's brain. I am amazed and delighted. As Shakespeare says:

"There is some soul of goodness in things evil
Would men observingly distil it out."

Drom. (with a very queer smile): You compliment me.

Prof.: Not at all. I leave at once for Madagascar.

(He rises and climbs into his car. The old servitor purrs lovingly, and its engine snorts into deafening enthusiasm. With the skill of a veteran the Professor turns his car around, then descends to say good-bye. But the Dromedary anticipates him.)

Drom.: Don't go yet! I may have a passenger for you. Is not that right, Sergeant?

Sergt.: I understand you. Yes, Mr. Professor, we may have a passenger for you.

Poet (who unnoticed by us has been quietly dozing and now awakens): Passenger? Who's leaving?

Sergt. (to Poet): Mr. Two-Gun Spotsy, I arrest you in the name of the King. Come along; the game's up. I've had my eye on you right along. (To Drom.) Haven't I? (Drom. nods). (To Poet)

Come along, we're going south with the Professor. Hurry up.

Poet: What does all this mean?

Sergt.: He, he, he asks what it means. Tell him, Drom, old scout.

Drom.: It means this: I arrest you, you masquerading mountie, you notorious Two-Gun Spotsy, in the name of the King of Algiers. Since 1912 have I been on your trail. Now I have you. Here's my badge, which is more than you can claim. Put these bracelets on him, Professor.

Sergt.: Villain, double villain, and I trusted in you.

Drom.: Yes, I know. Professor, drop this man off at Algiers, will you? They'll recognize him, and take him off your hands readily enough.

Prof.: Surely, my friend. Come along, fellow; in with you.

(And the car moves slowly off in a veritable hurricane of sound, the vibrations of which shake down the curtain for the last act but one.)

ACT IV.

(The Poet and the Dromedary are alone on the stage.)

Poet: Well, that's that, Persephone. I'm proud of you, my friend.

Drom.: I guess our little plot went over, all right.

Poet: This should be worth a pension to you, Persephone.

Drom.: I suppose so. But, damn it, man, I don't want to go back to Algiers—a sickening round of hand-shaking, newspaper tributes and complimentary dinners. The shallowness of it, I can see today as I didn't a few months ago. I am weary of it.

"Oh, ceremony, show me but thy worth,

What is thy soul of adoration."

I'm through with it.

Poet (smiling): My friend has turned philosopher.

Drom.: Ay, I guess he has. But I'm done with it. You know, I suppose I'm closer to the primeval than is my two-legged cousin, who wears tailored vestments, prides himself on his reason, harnesses nature with mechanical inventions, and writes poetry. He's a man; I'm just a beast.

Poet: Oh, now, Persephone; I wouldn't say that.

Drom.: Yes, I think so. Last night it came over me like a wave. I heard those engaging noises, the luring, taunting, defiant call of the wilderness. One by one the strong, free challenging voices of the Northern wild flung their bitter taunt into my ears. And I must answer them. I have ancestors, great ancestors, whose names will live long in the chronicles of our race. My blood is fed from fathers of war-proof. Am I, their son, to slink through the shadows in the ways of men, with the challenge of the eager wild ringing in my ears! Am I to close my ears to those cool, scornful, contemptuous laughs, to shut my eyes to those slow, villainous sneers?

Poet: Why, Persephone—

Drom.: I know what you're going to say. "Re-

member where you are; these aren't the familiar dunes of your Algerian home. This is a new, fierce, dangerous land, with unknown hazards dogging every step." Yes, I know! But your fathers were told the same story when they left the restful slopes of Southern Asia, to ravage their way through Europe to the Atlantic; they were told the same story when they ventured across that same Atlantic to discover the shores of a new continent; they were told the same story when they pressed further West through 3,000 miles of wilderness to the Pacific; your wife told you the same story when you told her you were going to seek the security and solitude of the North Pole for a year of study. And you smiled at her and kissed her, and told her that Persephone would look after you. Timid of a new land, terrified at the note of a bird I've never heard before. Bah!

Poet: My dear Persephone. I did not mean to suggest—

Drom.: No, I know it, old man. But I get excited when I think on these things. At all events, I'm going. You will say farewell?

Poet: Good-bye, old friend, and may God preserve your safety and success.

Drom.: Good-bye! You know, I like you more than I realized before. We've seen much together and you have given me much. I will not forget. And you, will you not spare a thought now and then to your rough, uncouth erstwhile companion?

Poet: I couldn't forget.

Drom.: Thank you. Now I shall go with a light heart. Frater, ave atque vale! Hail and farewell!

He goes out.

Poet (alone): Oh, what a noble thing this friendship is,

A blessed communion in your pains and joys;

A brother at your side to ease the straps That chafe your shoulders 'neath a heavy pack;

A friend whose hand is ever quick to save Your stumble; and a friend whose words and thoughts

Bring comfort, cheer and warm encouragement.

A friend—another creature frail who needs

A friendly hand himself, for whom your love

Prompts eager aid and sweet anxiety.

The beauty of the star-bejewelled night,

The robust glory of the Phoenix day,

The flashing colours in the meanest life,

Because it's life; the music you must hear

In the laughter, speech and shout in the ways of men—

All this, perhaps, the friendless man may know.

But can he know how friendship glorifies This beauty, and to what seems slaven, drab,

And grimly commonplace imports a grace That hides the ugliness.

Ah, well!

(Curtain.)

SUNSET IN THE FOOTHILLS

By Wilfrid J. Bennett

Dark rows of pines against the western sky

In sharp relief,

Beyond, a gorgeous color symphony.

Yet all too brief.

With yellow, orange, red, the clouds are fringed;

It spreads until

Even the turquoise eastern sky is tinged,

Above the hills.

More vivid still the pageant quickly grows,

Colors unfold,

As though it were afire the heaven glows,

Like burnished gold.

Then as the sun sinks low, sinks far below

The western rim,

Deep purple shows, old rose, the afterglow—

The scene grows dim.

Poets may sing of skies in Italy,

Or tropic skies,

But in Alberta's skies, it seems to me,

True beauty lies.

THE DEATH-BRINGER

By I. L'd.

On the steep banks and overlooking the ice fettered waters of the North Saskatchewan stood the weather-beaten Lemarchand Mansion. It seemed as old as the banks itself. It seemed to mock all nature and its work as it towered bulkily against the skyline. On its lonesome-looking walls a wane moon rested. Like the brush of some futuristic artist it created a faint slinking shadow on the brick wall always a little in front, always a little to the side of the slowly moving, crouching, forlorn figure on the fire escape.

High upon its wall a ray of light betrayed the presence of a window; it gleamed as the fiery eye of some wounded monster silently waiting for revenge. The figure climbed up and up step by step, nearing the light—a true picture of phototropism. Now and then the big nails in his heavy boots caused a faint ring as they scraped the steel lattice. When at last the level of the window was reached, it stopped, and with a crude, but yet cultured hand, tapped softly on the pane.

"She should hear!" he muttered. Immediately the figure of a woman blotted out the glare. Ner-

vously it bent, and inch by inch it slowly and cautiously raised the window. The opening was soundless. The woman put her trembling fingers to her lips in silent warning. The man nodded understandingly, yes, really understandingly, and whispered, "Is the pest still there?"

"Yes, in the entry; that's why I 'phoned you," was her low, trembling answer. "I'm so glad you hurried," she added.

Grimly, but in a trained manner, the man on the iron balcony drew from his hip-pocket a blunt article. The moon reflected its blue ugliness. With a thumb and a forefinger it was tested. It answered with a death-like click. "Ready for business," it seemed to grin. The woman recoiled on seeing it in the man's powerful white hand.

"Do be careful, Ned," she pleaded almost inaudibly. The visitor said nothing as he noiselessly stepped over the sill and into the room.

A second or two, and then a muffled report boomed through the half-open window and faded as it resounded over the banks below.

The man heroically reappeared carrying something. The face of the woman following him was as white and cold as the new-fallen snow. Her naturally wide blue eyes were as those that had looked upon horror and death.

Still carrying the hideous baggage, the man stepped through the window and was again on the fire-escape. Gaining its rail, with a heave he flung the object he held.

Then followed the flat, sickening thud of a body smashing against concrete. The man looked down into the pitch alley, and coldly chuckled. A sigh as of relief escaped the woman beside him. Turning he drew her closer.

"Jane," he cried softly, "if I made a mess in there, I am sorry. Blood is awful hard to get off a rug."

"It's nothing; don't worry, Honey, it was such a relief," she consoled.

"Yes, it was worth it," sighed the professor.

"Yes, I'm glad that I have murdered that rat. From now on we can jolly well keep cheese in this apartment."

THE RAPIDS OF THE DROWNED

By K. W. Conibear

"The Rapids of the Drowned." How fascinating that name! Who is there of the many that have written of the Slave river since 1896 that has not sought to bring a glamour to his fiction, a romance to his governmental report by the mention of this suggestive name? The picture conjured up by this title is undoubtedly one that expresses all that rugged harshness of country, and all that dauntless courage of man which the writer would gladly find, and not easily forget, in this land, the path of the ancient gold-seekers. But how many, we wonder, would so use this name if they realized that it was not given to any great and dangerous flood of water bursting over and swirling around huge

and ugly rocks, but, instead, to a comparatively trifling falls, almost unnoticeable in summer and completely lost to view in winter? It was a singular whim, indeed, of fate that chose to call the most perilous waters, where much toil and many crafts were lost, by such names as "Grand Rapids" and "Mountain Portage Rapids"; and through the obstinacy of one man to bestow on one of the least of all the awe-inspiring name of "The Rapids of the Drowned."

* * *

It was late in the summer of 1896, when the first tinge of yellow on the poplar-clad banks of the Slave river warned belated prospectors that it was time indeed to hurry if they were to pan out the yellow sands of the Klondike that year. But numerous crafts of various descriptions were still hauled daily over the steep back of "Mountain Portage" and launched again, their owners happy that the last river portage was over, and that apart from a few comparatively safe rapids smooth water lay ahead of them all the way to the point at which they would disembark to set out on the long cross-country trail to the Yukon.

This collection of shipping that, having run many dangerous rapids, and having been hauled, pulled, jerked, and pushed over many laborious portages, now floated calmly down the broad, swift stream of the Slave river, presented a remarkably heterogeneous appearance. On one extreme was the small sharp-pointed skiff or canoe manned by one or two only, easily transported overland, but also easily swamped by rough waters. In these was to be found a cargo consisting of one or two bedrolls, a small tent, provisions of some kind, axes and guns, a washing-pan and pick-axe—the bare essentials of life in the country and the absolute requisites of the gold-digger. On the other extreme was the large scow, flat, blunt, turned up at the ends, with from one to six rowers on a side and a helmsman wielding a huge sweep at the rear. The cargo of these consisted of that of the smaller craft in greater quantities with such things added as stoves, crude mining machinery, dogs for use on the portages, and a few rough luxuries. Between these two extremes all types imaginable as in any way suitable were represented. Such were the craft that all that long and exciting summer had passed in unbroken stream down towards the north; such were the craft on which rested the hopes and safety of that great swarm of men called by the dream of sudden wealth from every walk of life to face the terrors of disappointment and destruction.

In one of these boats we have a particular interest. It was a medium-sized open barge of three oars aside, pointed at the bow, and with perhaps twelve feet of beam and forty of length—an exact counterpart of the York boat of later days, except that it lacked the mast and rigging. Its clinker-built, tar-smears sides, bruised and splintered from much rough treatment on portages and beaches, darted forward with renewed gurgles at every stroke of the fifteen-foot oars in the scum-laden water. The hissing splash of these oars came regularly at short

intervals and was occasionally accompanied, at the whim of their half-naked, motley-clad, Indian wielders, by a wild chant, an imitation perhaps of the voyageurs of the few trading expeditions already seen in the district. These seemingly spasmodic bursts into song generally followed a short interval of rest, during which the vessel was carried on solely by the momentum acquired and the impulse of the swift current. At such times the work of the steersman, keeping the head of the craft downstream against the influence of numerous cross-currents, was redoubled.

For the convenience of the man performing this important duty there was a small platform on a level with the gunwale partly overhanging the stern of the barge. Half on the starboard side of this platform and half on a pile of freight arranged for him lay an Indian, old and wizened, his long, white hair falling back profusely from his head when, momentarily, he raised himself on his elbow and pointed out the course to the helmsman.

A striking contrast the two figures on the platform made. The red man was short and delicate of build, with small, shapely hands and feet; his face was hairless, but wrinkled and creased in a thousand different directions, with wrinkles caused not by emotion, but by weather; despite his age his teeth were clean and firm, his eyes bright and sparkling. The white man was huge, with great, awkward hands and feet; the larger part of his face was hidden by a ragged black beard; many passions had left indelible marks on his brow; his teeth were stained and irregular, his eyes small and bleary. The hunter and warrior was lithe and graceful in every slight movement, as one whose tasks demanded a great variety of motions; the fortune-hunter and laborer, though strong, was slow and clumsy, as one whose method of earning bread demanded the repetition of certain fixed movements. The native showed a continual apathy towards the panorama nature lay around him; the exotic displayed a fitful interest in the nature and topography of the region. These two men so placed in proximity exemplified the difference between the old race which had long inhabited the country and the new race of adventurers which was now swarming in to take possession.

The members of this new band, no matter how different the walks of life from which they were drawn, exhibited, one and all, a peculiar mixture of the noblest and of the vilest in the human race. Few indeed of them were there that were not actuated as much by a desire for adventure as by a greed for gold. And where the latter object imposed a sordid littleness upon their characters the former in some part relieved them with a lustrous courage. It might, finally, be said that they swayed always between the evil and good respectively of avarice and boldness.

But there were points of departure from the characters of the majority of his fellow-adventurers in that of Dan Groves, the helmsman. The most outstanding characteristic of the man was his subjection to fits of unreasonable obstinacy. These

were always caused by some petty, immaterial trifle vexing him, so slight an object sometimes as the odd mannerism of a comrade. When these fits were on him the only procedure left to his friends was that of humouring him, or of feigning to do so; opposition to his whims merely increased his unreasonableness. But these fits were short-lived, and did not counterbalance his roughly honest and bold, if somewhat shortsighted and slow, character.

Two demonstrations of this side of the man had already appeared since the three partners had left Athabasca Landing, each seeming to give Groves further justification for his obstinacies. The first of these had occurred at Grand Rapids, the worst part of the journey; steering their craft towards the cascade, he had suddenly turned off the regular channel into another which he had discovered the day before and had wished to try against the will of his partners; this passage, hitherto considered impassable, had proved safer than the old, and soon became the only one used. The second had taken place on Mountain Portage, where, rather than hire extra men as his partners had said was necessary, he had got the scow over the hog's-back by means of their small crew alone. Although this latter action had resulted in a severe strain in their pilot's back, whence the present situation, consequences seemed on the whole to justify Groves' resistance to the will of the others.

Eventually the helmsman was not yet completely over the fit he had displayed the previous day on the portage. For the Indian, a little too diligent perhaps in pointing out the usual channel, received scant notice from the white, who generally took courses opposite to the indicated ones. By such methods he took advantage of several eddies and made numerous short-cuts, which seemed to lend further justification to the defiance of orders.

As the barge and its occupants now came opposite a small island on the east side of the river—an island cut at the present day by the N.W.T.-Alberta boundary—the guide raised himself painfully to a standing position, in which, supported by a short stick of driftwood, he gave evident signs of increasing interest and some anxiety. The cause of this alarm shortly manifested itself—a sheet of smooth, rapid water ending in an unbroken line, beyond which the stream appeared in choppy waves and swirling eddies.

Now obeying the directions of the Indian, the helmsman guided the ship to an indicated point on the smooth sheet, and there allowed the men to rest on their oars. All was silent but the increasing murmur of the falls, while the ancient Indian, picking out the exact spot at which to break the line, gazed forward and around, looking to the distant shores for the known alignment of outstanding landmarks. At last, with a sigh of satisfaction, he motioned to the rowers to begin again.

Rapidly the craft picked up way, and soon the splash of the blades and creaking of the locks was lost in the roar of the rapids. The spot for which the boat shot, guided exactly according to the directions of the Indian, was a curve jutting upstream in the line, caused apparently by the wearing away

of a particularly soft piece of the stratum. The right and left hand sides of the slope of the surrounding hard rock could be seen to be gentle and smooth; but the middle was obscured by the fall.

Shouting unintelligible native words, the pilot excitedly indicated a farther turn to starboard. Coolly the steersman obeyed. Still more the pilot gestured; still more the head of the boat went around until it seemed that it would run clear of the curve or run into it sideways. Perhaps Groves feared this; for he allowed the sweep to swing slightly to port. At once the Indian, gesticulating wildly, now apparently anxious, indicated that it be turned to the other. Reluctantly the white obeyed. The nose veered to the right, straightened out once more, and then gradually swung to the left.

The vessel was now within ten feet of the cascade. Suddenly the Indian motioned for a sharp turn to starboard. For a moment Groves gazed at him in surprise, then swung the sweep over to the left and pulled with all his weight upon the grasp. The boat veered madly, shooting for a point just on the right of the middle of the bend. Dropping his stick the Indian rushed frantically to the sweep, tried to move it to change the course of the boat. Groves looked ahead, saw a large brown rock appearing out of the spray directly in the middle of the curve; and he too threw his weight on the huge oar.

Too late! The combined efforts of the struggling men turned the boat only a little. The port oars lost the water, swung for a stroke in the air, were rammed violently against the rock in a last vain attempt of the rowers to ward off the collision. The vessel floated sidewise onto the edge of the rock shelf; hung for a moment caught on the ledge; lurched heavily; dropped onto the spray-hidden rock.

There was a deafening crash as the wale was crushed at the stern by the sharp impact. For a second the boat was held up, pressed on one side by the rock, on the other by the rapidly increasing swell of water. In that second the sweep, caught in the down-pouring wave, swung violently over, carrying with it the two men on the platform, and, crashing against the gunwale, snapped at the lock, dropping its two victims into the foam. The flood of water, until then held up by the sides, now swept all before it, and the cries of the men were lost in the roar of the waves.

* * *

Several hours later a passing barge was attracted by the sight of a man floating in a great eddy about a mile below the scene of the accident. In a few minutes the man, wet, weak, and gasping, was hauled aboard. It was the Indian pilot; by some miracle he had managed to retain his grasp on the broken sweep and had luckily floated into the eddy—the sole survivor.

His rescuers looked at him and at the water of the eddy, in which floated some broken timbers, several cases, and other evidences of the wreck.

An Indian gave the first to speak:

"At what rapids," said he, "did this happen?"

The old pilot leaned over to spit out some of the water welling up from his lungs, and observing, as he did so, the body of one of his braves floating supported by a death-grip on a piece of wreckage, he sank back with a groan.

"The rapids," he whispered through chattering teeth, "The Rapids of the Drowned."

SCALES OF SUCCESS

An Entertaining, Moral and Instructive Tale for the Young, especially for those taking Music Lessons; illustrating the Reward of Industry and the Punishment of Idleness.

Shut up, my children, while I tell
The tale of Jack and Charlie Bell.
Charles was the elder, since the other
Was two months younger than his brother.
Toronto was their place of birth
—No purer town is on the earth.
As for their parents, it will do
To say they had exactly two.
Their Ma would tuck them in at night,
Say, "Toodle-oo!" and turn the light
Out (after she had heard their prayers),
And then she'd tiptoe down the stairs.
I could say much about their father,
But on the whole I think I'd rather
Resume my story.

Both the boys
Took music lessons, and the noise
Used to make all the neighbours say,
"I wish the Bells would move away!"
The younger brother—that was Jack—
In practising was very slack,
While Charlie—note the difference!—
Showed such amazing diligence
That when the big recitals came
Everyone cheered at Charlie's name.
But when his brother tried to play,
The audience would rise and say,
"Aw, the big stiff!" and in their rage
They'd launch projectiles at the stage:
Horseshoes, and cats, and cabbages,
And telephone directories,
Bibles, and tripe, and anything
Handy that they had chanced to bring.
The boys grew up, and when at last
They heard with joy that they had passed
The last of their examinations,
Both of them wrote for situations,
And got them, too, in Sarawak
—Which meant, of course, that Charles and Jack
Had to embark on the Pacific.
Their ship met weather so terrific
She sank, and so they had to swim
Till they had cramp in every limb.
They landed on some lonely isles,
Inhabited by Cannibiles.
Just as the brothers reached the strand,
They met the ruler of the land.
His name was Jubby, and his daughter's
Was Glubby-glub, or 'Laughing Waters.'
He bore a pencil and a slate,

Since this was an affair of state.
 Two palm-leaves and a pair of spurs
 —Such was his costume; as for hers,
 It wasn't stuffy, so I'm told,
 But anyway she wasn't cold.
 "Ah!" said the monarch. "Strangers, eh?"
 Does either of you chance to play
 The pianoforte? If you do,
 Here is a post awaiting you,
 That of the King's Supreme Musician,
 Awarded after competition."
 So both the brothers tried their hand
 At music on that lonely strand.
 The piano'd fallen down a cliff,
 And so the keys were rather stiff.
 But Charlie's playing pleased the tribe
 Far more than I can here describe.
 Then came his brother's turn to play;
 He smote the keyboard—well-a-day!
 Not having practised when a lad,
 He naturally sounded bad.
 The contest over, all were still
 To hear proclaimed the royal will.
 "Charles," said the King, "you're here appointed
 By Jubby, Rightful and Anointed,
 His own Exalted Court Musician.
 Your talent meets with recognition.
 And you can have my daughter too.
 —Tonight we'll have a barbecue,
 Or rather, just a little snack,
 Which," said the monarch, "will be Jack."

Moral.

So there, my child, you plainly see
 How very wise it is to be
 Diligent in your practising.
 You never know when such a thing
 May come in handy. Don't be glum,
 Seeing your music teacher come.
 —There he is now! Don't look forlorn
 But learn your scales, you little moron!
 The End.

—G. R.

MIGHT HAVE BEEN

An Episode

The rising curtain discovers a wide concrete bridge. We, the audience, are on one side; opposite us is the other walk. The concrete railing or parapet, with little stocky pillars of stone runs along the rear of the stage, rising from the sidewalk. Behind it is the night, punctured by yellow lights. Beneath the unseen river. Near the parapet is a recess, containing a stone bench, let into the railing and jutting out over the river. It is a cold October night. A tramp, slovenly-attired and unkempt, in ragged clothes, is seen shuffling along the sidewalk. He keeps continually muttering away to himself after the fashion of the down-and-outer who lives much to himself. What was once a cap, fails to cover a shock of grey-black hair. He spies something on the sidewalk, shuffles over and picks it up. We can see it is the discarded butt of a cigar. He

holds it up, smells it, fumbles in his pocket and produces another, compares the two, selects one, places it in his mouth and fumbles again for a match. Failing to find one, he mutters more vehemently than before, spies the benched recess and goes over to it. He feels the stone with his hand, shivers, then sits and watches the black water below, between the pillars of the parapet. Enter, opposite, another tramp, who walks with a steadier step. He sees first tramp on the bench, stops, then makes as if to move on, when the first tramp speaks:

1 Tramp: Gotta match?

2 Tramp: I dunno. (He walks over to the bench and makes as if to look through his pockets, then he stops.) Gotta smoke?

1 Tramp: Huh? (He eyes the other querulously.) Wall— (He fishes out the other butt and offers it with a jerky motion.)

2 Tramp: T'anks. (He produces a match. They put their heads together and light up, puffing a while in silence. Second tramp leans against the parapet.)

1 Tramp: S'cold! (It is a statement. He shivers.)

2 Tramp (leaning over and peering into the water below): I bet it ain't as cold here as down there. Hel! Hel! (His laugh is a cackle.)

1 Tramp: Aw, y' on'y feel it fer a while. Gawd, y' feel it all the time up here. (Another silence.)

2 Tramp: Wot's yer name?

1 Tramp: John.

2 Tramp: John wot?

1 Tramp: I dunno. I forget.

2 Tramp: W'ere yuh hangin' out?

1 Tramp: Back o' Casey's.

2 Tramp: Yeh? I had that dump till Big Hank kicked me out—(with fervour)—damn 'im!

1 Tramp: Hank got sent up fer t'ree years. That's how I got it. Wisht I wuz Hank now.

2 Tramp: Aw! Y'er afraid o' gettin' cold, tha's all. Cooped up like a bunch o' hogs. Not fer me. I wanna stretch my legs once in a while.

1 Tramp: He gits t'ree squares a day.

2 Tramp: Aw, go jump in t'river. Hank can't get no half-interests in half-a-dollar seegars for nut'in. (He contemplates the butt, then stares off R.) Huh, a dick!

1 Tramp: Eh? (He starts from his seat and peers round the corner of the recess, sees policeman, who enters R with leisurely pace, and makes as if to "move on.")

1 Tramp gives him a push back and leans calmly against the stone. The policeman paces on till he gets opposite the pair. Then turns and scrutinizes them.

Policeman: Well, boys, enjoying yourselves?

(1 Tramp mutters savagely under his breath and lapses into sullen silence.)

2 Tramp: Oh, so-so! Just taking an evenin' constitutional, gazin' at the beauties of the night. (He feels his pockets.) Have a seegar? Oh, no! Say, bud (to 1 Tramp), gotta seegar?

1 Tramp: Huh?

2 Tramp: I say, gotta seegar?

1 Tramp (sullenly): Naw.
2 Tramp: He! He! That's tough. This is my last half-dollar seegar. He! He!

Policeman: That's all right, boys. Enjoy yourselves. But don't let me find you here when I come back. (He starts to go on.)

2 Tramp: S'all right. If we arc, we can make a quick getaway. (He jerks his thumb over the edge.)

Policeman: Don't try any o' that stuff. We had enough fuss last week dredging for that skirt that worked at Louie's. Night, boys! (Exit policeman.)

2 Tramp: He! He! Best dick on t' east side. (He jerks his thumb in the direction of the departed uniform.)

1 Tramp: Damn 'em all!

2 Tramp: I'll be blowed! An' you wuz wishin' you were sent up?

1 Tramp: Aw, w'en yer sound asleep—an' forgettin'—an' then they come along and poke yuh with their stick—an'—

2 Tramp: Aw, ferget it! (He stands up straight, stretches and shivers.) Waal, I gotta be movin'. Important business, y'know. He! He! He! (He cackles over his shoulder, moves off and disappears.)

1 Tramp looks round the corner after him, sits again, puts his leg up on the bench, his head back against the stone and looks toward the river. He pitches the extinguished cigar butt through the railing and peers down to see it fall. He puts his head back against the stone again and closes his eyes. Enter R, a Gentleman, a big, well-built man, fashionably dressed with fur coat, bowler hat, scarf and cane. He walks leisurely on, sees the sitting figure and stops, regarding it. Then he walks over, pauses and tentatively pokes at the half-recumbent figure with his stick. No response. He pokes a little harder. The figure starts, looks up, then scrambles to its feet and makes as if for immediate flight. Then it stops and stars at the intruder, face working.

Gent: Hullo, John. (The voice is harsh, with a metallic timbre.)

Tramp: Huh?

Gent: I said, Hello!

Tramp (after a pause): Hullo.

Gent: You're out late tonight.

Tramp: Huh?

Gent (harshly): What's the trouble?

Tramp: Casey's drunk; says he'll shoot me if I come back.

Gent: Can't say as I blame him much.

Tramp: Huh?

Gent: Oh, nothing. (There is an uncomfortable pause, while the tramp studies the Gent.)

Gent: How did you get into this state?

Tramp: This state?

Gent: You're a loafer. How come? (He descends into jargon.)

Tramp: Waal— (He pauses.) Gotta smoke? (Gentleman produces a packet of cigarettes from his pocket and offers them.)

Tramp: Tanks. (He takes one and hesitatingly moves to return the packet.)

Gent: Keep it.

Tramp: Tanks. Gotta match? (Gent produces a box. Tramp lights cigarettes and pockets box without offering to return it.)

Gent: Well?

Tramp: Waal, y'see—say, yuh haven't got anything to drink, have yuh?

Gent (harshly): No!

Tramp: Huh?

Gent: Oh, go on!

Tramp (sullenly): Waal, y'see, I wuz a young feller down in Georgia.

Gent: Yes.

Tramp: An' my people wuz respect'ble an' I worked fer awhile. An' 'en I got into t' Blue Coon's gang an' w'en they got in a mess I hit for Canada.

Gent: And then—?

Tramp: Waal, an' 'en I had a chance to go straight, an' I didn't take it, an' 'en, waal—y'see— (a pause)—say, who are you?

Gent: What?

Tramp: I say, who are you?

Gent (sarcastically imitating him): Waal, y'see —(with a change of tone). So you had a chance in Canada, eh? A chance to go straight?

Tramp: Yeah. Who are you? (With more courage.)

Gent (still imitating): Waal, y'see—I was a young fellow in Georgia myself, but when I came to Canada, I went straight.

Tramp: Yuh went straight?

Gent: That's it!

Tramp: How long did yuh stay straight?

Gent: About six months.

Tramp: Huh?

Gent: You, you were never crooked! You were always a square shooter. Remember the Blue Coon? That's what was the trouble with you. You were too damned honest.

Tramp: Huh?

Gent: Oh, shut up. You never had enough sand to go crooked. And look at you now! (Tramp peers down at himself bewildered, then keenly at the gentleman.)

Tramp: Say, who are you?

Gent (imitating): Waal, y'see—I'm the feller that bluffed. Because I was honest for six months, they thought I was a straight shooter. I'm the fellow that's bluffing them yet—and look at me. (Tramp does so; Gent laughs.)

Tramp: Say, mister, gimme the low-down on this. Who are you, anyway?

Gent: Me? (Slowly, as he makes to move off.) I'm the Man You Might Have Been.

Tramp: Huh?

Gent: Think it over! (He walks slowly off, now and then turning his head to watch.)

Tramp (puzzled, mumbling): "Might Have Been"—"Mizht Have Been"—He! He!—"Might"—He! He! He! (Then a thought strikes him.)

Tramp: Hi! (He calls to the retreating figure and hurries after it.) Say, tell me—

Gent: Well?

Tramp: Say, I got an awful mem'ry. I've forgot. What's my—what's our last name?

Gen't: Our last name? Oh—Smythe.

Tramp: Huh?

Gen't: Smythe! S-m-y-t-h-e.

Tramp: Smythe. (Puzzled.) Aw'right, t'anks.

Gen't (extracting a half dollar): Here, get yourself a drink.

Tramp (mechanically accepting, still puzzled): Tanks. (He walks back to the bench. The gentleman disappears.)

Tramp: Smythe. Sm-ythe. Sm-Smith! (He claps his fist into his other palm.) Smith! John Smith! Hel Hel (Scornfully.) Smythe! Hel Hel Hel! Might have been—Smythe! Hel Hel Hel! Crook, huh? Not enuf sand to go crooked. Smythe! Haw, ho! Hel Hel Hel! (He laughs uproariously. While he is going on 2 Tramp returns and stares.)

2 Tramp: Hel Hel! Wha's a' joke?

1 Tramp: Hel Hel! Huh?

2 Tramp: Been drinkin'?

1 Tramp: Nope.

2 Tramp: Smell? (1 Tramp puffs in his face.)

Aw'right. Wha's a' joke?

1 Tramp: Hel Hel! I jes' had a little talk with myself.

2 Tramp: Huh?

1 Tramp: I jes' found out that I'm an honest man, I am, an'—an' he's a crook; Hel Hel! Say—! (He spies something.)

2 Tramp: Huh?

1 Tramp (he goes over to 2 Tramp and feels a noticeable bulge in the other's coat): Wha's at?

2 Tramp (drawing away): S' aw'right. You kin have some. I brought it fer t' two of us.

1 Tramp: We're d'y'e git it?

2 Tramp: Hel Hel! I know.

1 Tramp: Lemme look. (2 Tramp lets him have a glimpse of the bottle.)

2 Tramp: It'll knock yer eyes out.

1 Tramp: Let's beat it. (He becomes aware of the half-dollar which he still clutches in his hand. He looks at it, turns it over, then pitches it into the gutter.)

2 Tramp: Hey!

1 Tramp: Come on!

2 Tramp: That's a half-a-dollar.

1 Tramp: Leave it there.

2 Tramp: I won't! (He starts for it. Policeman appears R.)

1 Tramp: T' dick!

2 Tramp: Gawd, t' bottle!

(2 Tramp leaves the coin and starts hurrying off L. 1 Tramp trails after him.)

1 Tramp: Hel Hel! Wait a minit! Say—say—my name's Smith—wot's yours?

The policeman has stopped and is eyeing the retreating ones, arms akimbo. Then he shakes his head and paces on.

He comes to the bench and stops to gaze out over the murky river. The second tramp comes back, shuffling along with studied unconcern. He arrives at the spot where the other tramp threw the coin. He gazes at the gutter for a moment, stops, eyes the policeman, then searches with his toe among the scattered bits of rubbish for the coin. He becomes desperate, and gets down on his hands and

knees. There is no coin. The policeman, meanwhile, has been watching.

Policeman (nasally): Lose yer diamond ring, bub? Or mebbe it's yer wallet?

Tramp (disconsolately rising to his feet and scratching his head): Naw, it ain't. I—I guess I'll be goin' now. Goo'-bye!

Policeman (he watches the tramp as he moves off, leans against the parapet and tilts his hat to the back of his head with his club. A long-submerged bit of the Cockney rises within him): Well, I'll be blowed!

(Curtain)

—C.

TO MY PRIMORDIAL ANCESTOR— AN APOLOGY

By R.V.C.

I've often felt I owed you an apology Great Grandpapa ten thousand times removed. Though somewhat ignorant of anthropology Still I believe the Darwin theory proved, And yet in spite of your ignoble birth, I've lately come to recognize your worth.

I've pitied you your lack of education, Your clumsy brain and low receding brow, And felt it cause for self-congratulation That I was 'homo-sapiens',—yet now, I often wonder which is really best, My cerebellum or your hairy chest.

For after all you had your lowly modicum Of brain and knew a useful trick or two, That served to help you keep your shaggy body from

The cold and turn your meat-bones into stew; And though your cave was hardly up-to-date You had no rents to pay at any rate.

I envy you your muscular ability, The way you fought and how you took a wife; You did not talk about compatibility, Or weakly ask the how or why of life. Yes worthy forbear, I would fain admit You had your points, despite your lack of wit.

A JAR

By E.L.W.

Wasy! Baistruk was a man of science. Up to the time when a benevolent Provincial government had seen fit to stimulate home industry by prohibiting the importation of certain varieties of wet goods, Wasy! had been engaged wholly in agriculture. But like many other enterprising individuals he had not been slow to take advantage of the opportunity the legislature had afforded him, and after a few more or less satisfactory experiments in organic chemistry, he had begun as a manufacturer in a small way. Such of his product as was not consumed at home found ready sale, and his output, in response to the demand, had increased ra-

pidly. He was engaged in the production of one of those elixirs which are said to transmute "life's leaden metal into gold." He himself could bear witness to its effect in stimulating the power of vision. A certain Ulysses of Ithaca is reported to have said "much have I seen and known," but Wasył, after a protracted and continuous session with some of his own produce, had beheld marvels beside which a Cyclops would have seemed insignificant.

Just now his plant was working at full capacity. His equipment was simple, consisting only of a stove, a cream can with a wooden plug, a spiral copper tube and a water-cooled receptacle. His raw materials were easily procurable and fairly cheap, so that the business was one which a man of limited means might safely engage in.

Wasył sat watching his factory, while Katerina, his wife, moved about ponderously performing her domestic duties. She was a lady of ample proportions, of globular shape, though with a slight equatorial constriction, and a somewhat bovine expression on her broad countenance. Wasył himself was a short, thick-set, bullet-headed gentleman, with a puffy red face, reddish-yellow hair, a walrus moustache, and small piggy eyes, which were never very wide open.

Very little in the way of conversation passed between the spouses, as both were inclined to be taciturn except on occasions of marital disagreement, at which times they made up for any deficiency of words that their normal habits incurred. On the present occasion, however, comparative silence and a potent smell pervaded the air of their domicile.

The sharp barking of a pair of dogs suddenly broke in on the domestic tranquility, and ruined it utterly. Both Wasył and Katerina hurried to a window which faced in the direction of the King's highway, and looked toward the gate at the end of their own lane, about one hundred yards away. What they saw was not reassuring. A car, which had come up very quietly, was standing in front of the gate, which was of the familiar three-wire variety. A person in the uniform of the provincial police had just stepped from the car and was engaged in unfastening the gate in question. His manner indicated that he was in a hurry.

Wasył uttered an exclamation. It had too many consonants, and was suggestive of consternation. He looked around at his still, and did a lightning calculation whose results were not satisfactory. His houses, like most of those built by people of his race, had only one door, and that was at the front. It was clearly impossible to dispose of those articles which his instinct told him were likely to be of great but unfortunate interest to the uniformed gentleman. Wasył's eye lighted on a stone jug which was standing in a corner, and for a fraction of a second he bitterly reflected that,—then he had an inspiration. As in the lives of certain other great men, a desperate situation called for an extraordinary effort, and called not in vain. Wasył dashed across the room, seized the jug, sped out the door in full sight of the policeman, round the corner

of the house, and away across the farm, disregarding the shouted command to halt. The minion of the law was only a short distance from the gate, and Wasył had a good seventy-five yard start. He developed an amazing speed considering his shortness of leg and weight of body. The lean khaki figure followed with long strides, every one of which was equal to Wasył's two, but their frequency was less. Away across a small stretch of ploughed land went Wasył and the jug; down into the creek bed and up the other side they flew, and then across a stretch of pasture, broken here and there by clumps of aspen and willow. The policeman followed fast, and the distance between pursuer and pursued steadily decreased. Yet it was a good five hundred yards from the house that Wasył felt the hand of the law on his heaving shoulder and came to a stop, not altogether regretfully. His captor took the jug from the puffing Wasył, felt its weight and shook it. No gurgle rewarded his effort. He drew the cork, smelt it and registered surprise. He smelt the mouth of the jug, and looked more surprised. He turned the jug upside down and looked still more surprised. Then he turned on his panting captive with as complete a salvo of profanity as his breathlessness would permit, finishing the same with an impolite inquiry as to what the highly qualified old fool was running with this jug for.

"Oh, Meester," gasped the ingenuous Wasył, "lotsa man say police find it jug in house, me pay fine jus' same."

The other eyed him malevolently for the space of three seconds, then seizing him by the back of the neck, started back for the house with all possible speed. They came up to the rear of the house in four or five minutes, and on walking round to the front yard, they found Katerina placidly rinsing out a newly-washed cream can with soft water from a barrel. The myrmidon of the law entered the house where he discovered a smell, but a half hour's search failed to reveal anything else of particular interest. As he couldn't capture a sample of the smell, and smells are of no use to the provincial analyst anyway, the policeman departed.

Wasył, when his excitement had subsided, relapsed into a state of gloom. He stood by the side of his mansion brooding over the loss of his honest labour's reward. Suddenly he became aware of an unusual volume of sound. It came from the ducks in a small pond below the stable. He looked at them, and observed that they appeared to be in an exhilarated condition. He looked at Katerina and found she also was watching the ducks, but with an anxious air. She informed Wasył that she had dumped the "mash" into the pond, but trusted that the ducks would survive.

"SANTA LUCIA"

"Over the Summer Sea"

Soft shadows creeping up Vesuvius' slopes,
Last rays of sunset falter on the sea
Blue-indigo, dull crimson in that light;

Sorrento and still waters in its lee.
 Standing like some great ship with sails close-furled
 Out on a sunset sea to fabled lands
 The isle of Capri in calm majesty
 Dim in the twilight, seaward stands.
 Sunset and star! and on the mountainside
 Linger the slowly-fading rays of light,
 And waking, languid from the sleep of day
 The sea-breeze whispers of the coming night.
 Darkly, black etching on an old-rose sky,
 Stands stark upon a low and rocky isle
 The gaunt and rugged keep, which legend tells
 The wizard Vergil conjured up, the while
 He bound it in the sea with lasting chains
 To an unstable base set in the bay
 Of Naples; nearby upon the hills he lies
 Seer and poet of a far-off day.
 Wandering reflections of the harbour lights
 Creep phantom-like along the rocky shore;
 The evening breeze freshens the heavy air,
 Sweeping in cooling breakers on the quay
 Where under the flickering light of city lamps
 Street-singers do with simulated glee
 A thousand antics, planned to catch the eye
 Of stolid tourists who have come to gloat—
 "How picturesque—but, Main Street for mine—
 Say, wait till we tell that one on the boat."
 Yet, from the song-bird throats, though wearied sore
 Of eking out some way a meagre fare,
 Rises a wondrous strain, exultant free
 The song of Naples vibrant in the air.
 A moment, perhaps, the tourists from the north
 In sheer amazement hearken to the strains
 And dream of shining moonlit summer seas,
 Then—"Beat it, here's a lira for your pains!"
 "Santa Lucia!"—perhaps some day far hence
 Across the ocean-paths where snow-clouds lower
 The flowing music of your song shall wake
 Fair memories of a brief enchanted hour.
 By waters of a moonlit summer sea
 Beside the strange, remote Tyrrhenian shore.
 —L.L.A.

FAIRIES, ELFS AND THINGS

"Everything exists, everything is true, and the earth
 is only a little dust under our feet."

Last week I met a fellow who said he didn't
 believe in fairies.

The fellow was skeptical, and I had to talk hard
 to convince him. But my heart was so much in the
 argument that I found it not unpleasant, as I raked
 through the pages of literature to prove the exist-
 ence of fairies, their origin, their habits, appearance
 and powers. Mr. Kipling, J. M. Barrie, Lewis Car-
 roll and Shakespeare all came nobly to my assist-
 ance. Hans Christian Andersen and Kingsley and
 all the poets literally shook indignant fists at Mr.
 Fellow.

When the first baby laughed for the first time,
 his laugh broke into a million pieces, and they all
 went skipping about. That was the beginning of
 fairies. Barrie has settled that important point for
 us. However, when considering the question of

what these mysterious creatures look like, there is a
 considerable diversity of opinion. They are tiny.
 We know that, because the poets delight to dwell
 upon the dainty smallness of the race. Chancellor
 Gervase, of Tilsbury, who wrote of fairies in the
 13th century, declared that the little people are
 never more than half an inch long. This seems
 almost too tiny. But, after all, the poets are more
 likely than other mortals to have seen fairies, so
 we should bow to their opinions. Hans Andersen
 knew of an elf which lived in a rosebud, and had
 a sleeping-chamber behind each petal—and "what
 we call veins on a leaf, he took for roads; ay, and
 very long roads they were for him." We know
 they hide under acorn-cups, and that ten of them
 can ride on a captured mouse. It takes three elfs
 to way-lay a heavy-laden bee, and plunder him of
 his burden of honey (often, too, they steal his wax,
 and mould it into tapers, which they light at glow-
 worms' eyes). So they must be the veriest mid-
 gets. Puck is, of course, the most modern and
 authentic of all, and his creator should be a respon-
 sible person to turn to for a description. Kipling
 says of the mischievous sprite of the Sussex downs,
 "he is a small, brown, broad-shouldered, pointy-
 eared person with a snub-nose, slanting blue eyes,
 and a grin that runs right across his freckled face."

As a general rule, fairies scorn clothing of any
 sort. In fact, one of them was mortally insulted
 once, and refused to return to a cottage where a
 mother, taking compassion upon his nakedness, left
 an offering of tiny dresses and pants and sox, in-
 stead of the favorite dish of white bread and cream.
 Sometimes they wear snow-white, cobweb shirts;
 but only on such great occasions as when Queen
 Mab set forth in an empty hazel-nut upon a hazard-
 ous voyage across a forest dew-pond. In battle,
 however, even an elf must array himself with
 reason; and in the fierce tourney between King
 Oberon and his diminutive foe Pigwiggen, we read
 that the former

quickly arms him for the field,
 A little cockle-shell his shield,
 Which he could very bravely wield;
 Yet could it not be pierced.
 His spear, a bent bow stiff and strong
 And well near of two inches long:
 The pile was of a horse-fly's tongue
 Whose sharpness nought reversed.

* * *

And puts him in a coat of mail
 Which was of a fish's scale.

* * *

His rapier was a hornet's sting;
 It was a very dangerous thing.

* * *

His helmet was a beetle's head
 Most horrible and full of dread.

* * *

And as for plume, a horse's hair
 etc.

* * *

How these fairies fill in the day is a question to
 be decided, not by schoolmen or sages in council,
 but by the whirling imaginings of poets. They sleep

lots in the daytime. We know that for certain. But when the violet dusk creeps on, tiny limbs are stretched prodigiously, and yawns softer than the bursting of bubbles fill the air of fairy-land; eyes no larger than moonbeams are rubbed by chubby elfin fists, and each merry creature plunges into a dew-drop for his ablutions. Then the day's work (which is really only play) begins. As children are the chief concern of fairies, a billion cradles and cots must be visited first; and intricate, joyous dances must be performed on snow-white counterpanes. Each sprite carries a mustard-seed filled with finest sand, and when the dance is ended, a pinch of sand is laid on rebellious eyelids, to make sure that they will not open until the sun's rays come inquiring through the window. And what else? Well, music, we know, is an elfin delight; else why would Tom Thumb have fashioned his excellent bagpipe from the quill of a humming-bird and the skin of a Greenland louse? Great hosts of tiny creatures spend the night in riotous dancing on our lawns; and leave crazy, patchy circles where they trample down the tender shoots of grass. If any one has seen a "fairy-ring" on his lawn, surely he will not deny that fairies are with us today. Star-riding is a favorite pastime, too. A fairy, sporting bent, ascends to the riddlesome areas of the sky, and alights upon a dozing speck of meteorite dust. Once astride, he breaks into riotous laughter, teases and cajoles; jests and taunts; until his steed, maddened, bolts headlong earthwards, like a ramping lion. Often of a summer's night, we see these fiery dragons conveying their unseen, hilarious riders across the dark dome of the sky. Other sprites, of a more philosophical turn of mind, journey to tall buildings and church spires in the cities, where they hold clandestine meetings with gargoyles, and tell them stories sad or ludicrous. Who has not seen these graven images, the morning after the night before, their faces still expressing the joy of a fairy interview?

But this is ridiculous! Trying to tell all about fairies, when everybody knows already! They are with us, and always have been; bringers of good gifts. What gifts? does anyone ask? The cap of sleep, maybe, which hides us from our cares; possibly a tiny phial of magic juice distilled by them, a sovereign remedy against melancholy; or, best of all, that palace of delight, glory of the poets, the vision of faery-land itself.

"It is frightfully difficult," says the author of Peter Pan, "to know much about the fairies, and almost the only thing we know for certain is that there are fairies."

I told all of this, and more, to the fellow, but still he was not convinced. I sent him home to read of Cinderella.

—HASSAN.

OUBLIETTE FUGE

Number 78 Company, Canadian Forestry Corps, was a good company. Yes, sir! the best company in France. We were shipped through La Havre and Rouen, down to a French town named Alencon,

and then attached for rations and duty to No. 54 company, which everybody agreed was the worst company in France. We were to remain there until we got a location of our own. Finally we got word that we were to move south to Bordeaux and that we were to be located right near the city. Hurray! Beaucoup Mademoiselles! Beaucoup vin! Mais oui, Bordeaux!

Well, our bunch never saw Bordeaux nor the mademoiselles nor the wine. No. We were to have a nice quiet time of our own in quarantine because one fellow in our hut got the mumps just the day before the company moved. He hadn't cared for water and soap and so in time the mumps broke through on him. Mumps! We'd give him bloody mumps when he came back! We'd show him what empty petrol tins were for! The dirty skunk! to go and get his mumps just when we were going to Bordeaux! Bordeaux, and the femmes and the champagne all going to waste for a dose of the mumps! And in the meantime we were still attached to No. 54 company. And don't imagine either that quarantine excused us from work. Oh, no! We'd occupy a hut two miles from the main camp with our own cook and work under our own sergeant. Mumps! We'd break his blasted neck when he came back from the hospital! The dirty coot!

There was none of us took it more to heart than Fuge. Poor old Fuge loved his drink. And what could you get in this place? Some watery white wine or some hard cider or some wisky-wisky cherry brandy, and a half a franc a shot at that. It was a mortal shame, that's what it was. At Bordeaux now—aw, Hell! Bordeaux! A man could get real drinks at Bordeaux. And the femmes! He had always heard that Bordeaux was noted for its beautiful women. Look at them here! Old battle-axes and beef to the heels sloshing around in wooden shoes that were like pontoons. Yes, Fuge would have preferred going south.

Fuge wasn't an old man—maybe around forty-five or so—but since we were all younger than that we called him "Old" Fuge. He was the daddy of the bunch. He had a red mustache nad beer-coloured hair and a pair of shifty, watery blue eyes. The Corporal said he had the dingpoo—he could smell whisky, but couldn't locate it. He was very inquisitive. A man couldn't come into the hut with a bulge in his hip-pocket but Fuge was around, visiting. If one fellow called another outside in the dark, Fuge had to go out just then too. He was a bother, Fuge was. A darn pest!

When the rest of the company moved away South we were put to work in squads. Four of us—Burns, Skinner, Sherry and I—were detailed to load telephone poles onto lorries down at an old chateau, four miles from the hut. Every morning at four-thirty, the bugle blew and we'd breakfast and take our lunch pails and slosh down through the rain to that old chateau to work all day like niggers, and then slosh home again through the rain and mud. It was a terrible trail that we travelled, and if you got off the trail you'd get bogged to the neck in the swamp. I can see that trail yet.

We had a daily diversion though. A little French kid with a peaked, starved-looking face would always come around about dinner-time. We called him Jimmy. He looked like he should be called Jimmy, for some reason, I don't know why.

"Jimmy!" Burns would say in inimitable French, "you know that fellow that drives the lorry? When he comes around for the next load you go up to him and say—'You ——— Cockney ———!' That's English."

When the lorry came around Jimmy would jump up on the foot-board and deliver the message.

The cockney driver would stick his head out of the side and glare at us. He knew we were responsible. His language was awful. It was terrible. "Yeow ——— Can-oi-day-en ———!"

"Tell him again, Jimmy," from Burns. "He didn't hear. Can you understand him, Percival?" to the driver, sweetly.

"—————" from the driver. I won't detail the conversation.

We had an hour off at dinner-time. We'd go up to the old chateau, light a fire in the great open fireplace, put on a pail to boil for tea, and while it was boiling we'd explore the place. It was a very interesting old house. The ground floor was paved with flagstones about two or three feet square and three or four inches thick. They were worn smooth and even by the foot of long-dead generations. What work it must have been for the serfs to hew out all those stones! What were the joys and sorrows of those who had lived there and died there? The ever-enduring stones told us nothing. On the ground floor were three large rooms. We speculated. This must have been the kitchen, that one might have been the banquetting hall, and the other a living room. The barren deserted rooms had one time been filled with mirth, or mourning, perhaps. It was said in the village, His Eminence, the Great Cardinal, had once visited there. The Great Richelieu! But now the place was dead and so was the Great Cardinal Richelieu. And here were we now, Canadians from across the sea, the sole occupants. Strange! Strange!

"The Wheel of Time!" quoth Skinner, one day as we roamed about. Skinner was philosophically minded. "The Wheel of Time" moves on so relentlessly. Strange, isn't it, Burns?"

"What is?" asked Burns.

"Everything," said Skinner.

"I don't see nothing strange," said Burns, looking around. "What did you see? Find a franc?"

Leading upstairs was a great stone stairs. Each step was worn down so that one had to be careful lest he should slip. Many feet it must have taken to wear down the solid rock like that. How often My Lady must have swished up and down in her trailing gowns! How often must the pages and maids have tripped up and down carrying gruel to her Ladyship or his Lordship when they were indisposed! What hurrying there would be on these same old stairs when the young heir was announced! What hurrying when the young heir was carried home from the fox-hunt or the battlefield! What

breathless haste when the young mistress was ushered into her new home!

"The kids must have been devils for slidin' downstairs in them days," said Burns. "They must've worn iron pants. No slivers, though, that was one God's blessin'!"

We weren't always looking for impressions, however. Mostly, we looked for the "Oubliette." According to the villagers there was a dark past clinging to the old chateau. There always is. Dark pasts are great fads in a French village. But somewhere was hidden an Oubliette—a forgetting place, literally—a dungeon, where prisoners were incarcerated and forgotten. No one knew where it was, but everybody knew it was there—somewhere. "Mais oui! For surely! l'oubliette."

Every day we searched. We sounded walls, lifted flagstones, tore down partitions and found nothing. I mean, three of us worked. Burns rested and advised us from time to time when he saw a particularly hefty-looking flagstone. The big ones looked suspicious to Burns, they lured him. He liked to see under them. We lifted—he saw under.

"No!" Burns would say. "No good! Try this one. Here's a dandy."

"Tough luck!" when we had lifted that one. "That was the biggest one too. We won't find no other stone like that. But here! Try this one; he looks like he was hidin' an Oubliette. Lift now! Everybody! H-u-u-up! No good! Not a thing! Here's one! Try this!"

At last we gave it up. No use. There was no Oubliette. The villagers were superstitious and credulous. To the devil with the Oubliette.

One evening after we had trudged back wearily to the hut, the four of us who worked at the chateau were grouped together in a corner, talking among ourselves. Old Fuge was watching us from the other corner. Presently he strolled over our way, looking for news.

"Sh-h!" warned Burns, glancing up hurriedly as Fuge came near. "Yes, as I was sayin'" —in a loud voice—"I think we'll soon be finished on that loadin' job."

The other three of us took the cue at once. We all looked around, flustered, as if we were afraid we had been overheard. Everybody looked guilty.

"Ahem!" Fuge coughed. "I hope I'm not buttin' into nothin' confidential. Got a match, Burns?"

One by one we drifted up the hut away from there and re-assembled in another corner. We got our heads together. Burns talked in a low, guarded voice. Fuge followed us over there, and sat down on a pile of blankets not far away. He became intensely interested in a paper he had picked up.

—"And keep it under your hats. See!" said Burns, straightening up. "Don't tell nobody. This is between us four!"

This was too much for Fuge. Something was in the air and he wanted to know what it was—badly. He beckoned to me, the youngest of the bunch. Besides, Fuge and I were great friends. He'd find out from me. Burns cautioned me again as I got up to talk to Fuge.

"Sure, Burns!" I said. "I'm all right. Don't worry about me."

Fuge wanted me outside. We went out.

"Have a cigarette, kid?"

"Thanks, Fuge!" Fuge didn't give away cigarettes often.

"That's alright, kid! That's alright! You and I's friends, see! Anything I have is yours."

"Sure, Fuge, sure! And anything I have, Fuge, is yours."

"We've always been friends since we struck this company, ain't we?" said Fuge warmly. "Queer thing, ain't it?"

"Oh, I don't know," I said airily. "Natural to be friends. You always used me white, I always used you white. Why shouldn't we be friends?"

"No reason we shouldn't be, at all," Fuge was very agreeable. "You and I's hung together pretty good. About them chickens now, kid, that the old froggie wanted to locate. Why, if I hadn't been a friend of yours I might've talked. But I didn't talk. See! No!" he laughed reminiscently. "I guess Old Fuge can keep his mouth shut. That Burns, now, he's not like that. Burns'll blab. And look!"—he was a real daddy—"that Burns'll get a man into trouble."

"Oh, I don't know!" I said. "Burns never got me into any trouble. Burns isn't a bad guy—when you know him."

"That's alright, kid! But lookit! Don't never tell Burns anything that you want kept quiet. I'm just givin' you a tip. Burns'll squeal. I know Burns."

"Don't you think Burns can keep a secret?" I was showing signs of anxiety. "Do you think Burns would let out a secret if a fellow asked him not to?"

"Well, now," Fuge laughed. "I guess you don't know him so well. Why? You confide anything in Burns?"

"Well, yes," I was more anxious. "As a matter of fact, Fuge, Burns and I and Sherry and Skinner have quite a big secret, and if Burns told—why—"

"What is it?" inquired Fuge. "And if he tells it, why, I'll let you know in time for you to cover yourself. Now, you remember them chickens? If I hadn't put the sergeant off the track in time—well—"

"Yes, Fuge"—I was thankful—"you sure did me a good turn there." I didn't mention to Fuge that it was the sergeant who had told me where the said chickens roosted. "But look! Fuge, I'd like to tell you something, but I guess I can't."

"What is it?" He was worse than a hen on a boiled egg.

"You wouldn't mention it, if I told you?"

Fuge was insulted. "Me tell? Don't you know me? Where do you get that stuff?"

"Well, I can't tell you anyway," I was firm again. "It's the other fellows' secret as well as mine."

"Suppose," Fuge was going to take off the velvet glove—"suppose, I was to happen to mention to the sergeant about what old Froggie was lookin'

for. Suppose I was. Perhaps you wouldn't care, would you? Or maybe you would?"

"Fuge!" I clutched his arm. "Are you meaning that you'd let me down?"—I was very apprehensive. "For God's sake, use your head, man!"

"Oh, I know," Fuge considered. "I know how you feel. Lootin' is a pretty bad crime in K.R. and O. But if you're not anxious to continue our friendship—"

"I am," I was very sure. "What'll you take and not tell?"

"Nothing!" said Fuge grandly. "Just let me in on this secret confab you fellows were havin' in there."

I thought quite a while. At last I decided.

"You won't tell? Honest to God?"

"Honest to God!" Fuge swore as solemnly as an ancient Druid priest, but I knew that to tell a secret to him was to blazon it in letters a mile high.

I told him the works. We had found the Oublette. I went into all the details. Fuge took it as a shark swallows a may-fly. He had searched through the chateau himself the Sunday previous, and he had heard all the rumours about it. We went back into the hut.

I reported to the cabal in the corner. Everything was fine. Just sit tight and watch Fuge.

Fuge got Swann over in the corner and we knew the secret was out. Then he and Swann called in Murphy. Great! Murphy told Morton, the Corporal. Morton was skeptical. Fuge told Joe, the Indian. Immense! Joe, the Indian, told Mac-Duff, the Scotchman. Lovely! In fifteen minutes everybody knew, but everybody kept it hidden from everybody else. Then a row broke out in our corner. Burns swore high up and low down that he was going to knock my head off. We clinched. The boys got us separated. Swann held the frothing Burns from behind.

"He's all mouth, that kid," raged Burns, trying to get at me. "I'll show him if he can't keep his damned mouth shut."

"I only told Fuge," I defended myself. "And it's mine as much as yours."

"No use," Swann soothed Burns. "Keep your hair on, everybody knows it now. We're all wise."

We were flabbergasted. We all four united to tell Fuge just what kind of a poor fish he was. Great fellow to tell a secret to! Sure! Damned old fish-woman!

But the gang was skeptical. Morton, the Corporal, and Webster, the Sergeant, unrolled their blankets. Burns was a liar, always. But then! the kid didn't have brains enough to tell a good lie. Well, they'd question us. No harm in that. But we couldn't sling them a line like that. Oh, no! But they'd listen. No harm in listening. They'd listen to the kid tell it. And what about Sherry? What about Skinner? What had they to say?"

Fuge got me over in the corner. "Say, kid, listen! This story is straight, is it? Alright then. You and I'll skip out while the rest are chewing the fat, and we'll go down and get the shackles and the handcuffs that you say are there, and we'll sell

them to a museum for a thousand dollars. There's big money in that stuff."

"Not I," I said. "Fuge, I wouldn't go down in that place again for a million dollars. There's five skeletons there hanging on the wall in chains. No, Fuge, wait till tomorrow."

"We can't," said Fuge. "You say the French kid was there when you found it. He'll tell it in the village, and the police will be there the first thing in the morning and the place will be closed and sealed up till the museum people get there. Our chance is tonight. We'll split fifty-fifty. Come on!"

I couldn't go, Fuge. I visualized the horrors of that dungeon. "Go yourself. I couldn't go down there again. No, don't you go, either. It's an awful place. The skeletons were——"

"Dammit!" Fuge was exasperated. "There's money there. Let's get it!"

"I don't care!" I was openly scared. "Get Burns. He'll go."

No! Burns wouldn't go. It was four miles down there and it was raining. The trail through the bush was a holy fright. And mud to the knees. It was Burns told the truth that time.

"Wait till morning," counselled Burns.

"Who'll go?" Fuge challenged the hut. "The story's straight. There's an Oubliette there, and these fellows happened on it. It'll be too late in the morning. The police will be there from the village and close the place to everybody. Maybe they have been there already. When did you find it, Burns?"

"When we were on our way home this evenin'," said Burns. "We left our lunch pails there and we had to go back for them. It was Sherry and the kid that found it—foolin' around."

"Who'll go?" Fuge was desperate. "Let's go and we'll take the kid along. If we go he's got to go too. What say?"

"I'll not go unless Burns goes!" I was firm.

"And I'm damn sure I won't go," said Burns.

"The kid'll go," said Fuge. "We'll make him."

The sergeant spoke up. "The kid'll go if he wants to. If he doesn't, he won't. I'm boss in this hut. Go yourself, Fuge, if you want to. But remember! The horn blows at half-past four in the morning—for everybody. And besides Swann's on C.B. Don't forget that, Swann."

Swann was crestfallen. "Can't I go with the boys, Sarg.?"

"No," said Sarg.

"Just once won't break your heart," Swann pleaded.

"You can't go!" The sergeant was a man of his word. "C.B. is C.B., that's all!"

"If they go, I'm going too," said Swann. "Report it to Captain Verge if you like."

"I will!" promised the sergeant. "And don't you forget that, neither. I'm tellin' you, Swann, you'd better go to bed."

"I won't!" said Swann. "I want to go."

"Go ahead, then." The sergeant washed his hands of the affair. "And remember! you're on the mat in the mornin' if you do."

The crowd was still unconvinced, but Fuge's enthusiasm permeated them. They'd hear the details again. Let the kid tell it. I told it again. Burns listened anxiously.

After lunch we had gone over the place. We had tried the flagstones at the foot of the staircase. There was one flagstone that it took us all to lift. And here it was; a stone stairs led down into the darkness. Jimmy, the French kid, was along. We got burning sticks from the fireplace, and with them and candles we went down. About ten feet from the top the stairs curved. We went further. We were in a big cellar walled with stone. There were rats in it. On the wall were five skeletons in chains. There was a torture bed with spikes in it. The burning sticks and the candles went out, and we all ran up the stairs. Burns wanted to go down again, and the rest of us wouldn't go. Jimmy had beat it for the village. We put down the flagstone again and got out of the place. That was the works.

"Rats!" said MacDuff. "What the hell would rats be doin' there?"

"I don't know," I said. "They were there, that's all I know, and squealing like the devil!"

"Candles!" said another. "Where did you get the candles?"

"I didn't say candles." I was getting in hot water. "If I did I meant matches. I think I said matches, didn't I?"

"No," said Burns. "You said candles. We had no candles. It was matches we had."

"And you said, 'after lunch,'" amended Burns. "It wasn't after lunch. When was it?"

"It was in the evening when we were going home," I remembered. "When we went for our lunch pails."

"And did you have to light a fire to get the lunch pails?" MacDuff wanted to know. "I thought you said you got burning sticks to go down."

"Well," Burns filled the gap nobly. "I thought we wouldn't mention it before the sergeant, that it was maybe a little before quittin' time and that we just lit a little fire while we were waitin'. We thought maybe we'd boil a little tea before we started home. The lories were all loaded up, anyway, sergeant, and a little tea, you know——"

"You're not supposed to be drinkin' tea in the afternoon, down there," said the sergeant. "I guess I'll have to dangle around there once in a while after this. You're supposed to be workin'. This ain't your day for afternoon tea, and no day is. Get that?"

"Sure!" said Burns. "But I wouldn't of mentioned it if——"

"That's alright!" warned the sergeant. "But you won't be needin' tea after this. See?"

He saw Burns give me a baleful glance.

"Who'll go?" Fuge was impatient. "This talk won't get us anywhere. It's the doofunnies we want. We can sell them and buy a little something to drink. I ain't had a drink for a week. My God!" He coughed dryly.

Thirteen of the gang got ready. They made torches out of wire slung on long poles. They

hunted up candle-ends and all the matches in the hut. The more trouble they had in getting away, the more enthusiastic they became. Fuge was the moving spirit. Their only fear was that the police wouldn't wait till morning. Into a drizzle of cold rain they filed out of the hut for their four mile hike in the inky darkness down that almost impassable trail through the bush.

The mud was a terror. They'd have four more miles to come back. The bugle blew at half-past four in the morning, and when the sergeant called, everybody got up—no doubt about that. When we were sure they were well away the four of us sat down and cried.

"My God!" Burns was gasping on his side. "Owl! Owl! Owl! Four miles! Four back! Owl! Owl! Owl! Lord! And the mud! They'll pull up every flagstone in the place! Owl! They'll work like hell! Owl! Fuge! It's darker than sin! Owl! Oh, mamma, hold your boy!"

How we laughed! That laugh was worth losing the war. And Sergeant Webster and Corporal Morton got as much fun out of it as we did when they saw the joke.

Burns said, "My God! kid. They'll kill you when they come back. They'll drown you."

"They won't!" said the sergeant, drying his eyes. "I'll be awake. This is good! Fuge! dirty old Hughie!"

About one o'clock they began to straggle back. They said not a word. We were all snoring, but

nevertheless we could have heard anything that was said.

Fuge was the last. He was like a drowned rat. Burns woke up.

"Ketch anything?" he inquired.

"Never mind!" said Fuge. "Never you mind! We'll get you—you bloody liar! And the kid—we'll get him too. Don't forget that!"

And they did 'get' us. But that was later.

In the meantime, however, we called him "Oubliette Fuge."

—J. M. S.



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